

PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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**SADO-
MASOCHISM**
a contemporary
view by
**ALAN HULL
WALTON/
HENRY
MILLER** on
Paris, Life,
Love and
the 'Tropics'/
an exclusive
interview
with 'Beat'
prophet
**LAWRENCE
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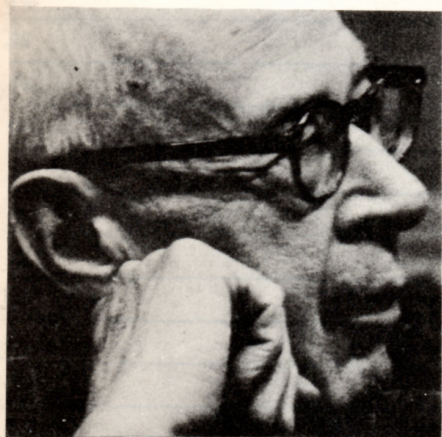
HOUSECALL



Alan Hull Walton



Donald Room



Henry Miller

Our August issue sallies forth with a new high in PENTHOUSE Petmanship—**Miss Cathy MacDonald**, a way-up Highland lass whose private and personal proportions are presented in print for the very first time, (*vide* cover and centre fold) discards, along with other encumbrances, any association with the myth of the parsimonious Scot. Offering her all for your special delectation, Scot-free Cathy proposes an endowment sharing policy of the most generous sort.

Further August offerings include a representative selection of the private letters of *Henry Miller to Anais Nin*—a fragmented, autobiographical commentary on Paris, life, love and his own chaotic development as a writer. Miller's letters trace the most fruitful and defiant years of his career and provide a uniquely comprehensive view of the man behind the now infamous "I" of his books.

The second of our leading articles, *Sado-Masochism*, stands as further proof that an intelligent enquiry into some of the more "forbidden" areas of socio-sexual phenomena can be handled with taste and integrity without typically obscuring the relevant facts. **Alan Hull Walton**, contributing editor to PENTHOUSE and one of Britain's leading erotologists, author, commentator and sociologist, was asked to tackle a subject normally considered unsuitable for publication in any non-technical medium as popular and widely read as PENTHOUSE. Walton's long association with the late Havelock Ellis, his work with Norman Haire and Kinsey enabled him to treat this otherwise volatile subject with commendable authority and compassion. Walton is now working on a major series of articles intended to define his own individuality as a man in philosophic conflict with his age.

The now historic poetry reading at Albert Hall brought to these shores some strange and "beatific" literary figures. **Lawrence Ferlinghetti**, voluble subject of this month's PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW, is the founder and principal spokesman for the entire, free-wheeling "Beat" movement. Along with Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso and Jack Kerouac, he occupies an exalted position in the hierarchy of America's literary dissenters. "And our influence is spreading," he told PENTHOUSE, "there is no other form of poetry. Academic poets are dead poets and creative writing courses are the death of all poetry. The future lies in the pure 'I,' the personal witness—there hasn't been a major poet in England since Dylan Thomas and he was Welsh. He had it because he had the voice—pure English, refined English is useless, non-expressive—you'll never produce a great poet again unless he comes from the docks or Liverpool like the Beatles."

Further deflators of conformist pomposity are an efficient little band of anarchists known as the *Smidgets*. These dark and gelatinous creatures effect their creator, **Donald Room**'s own rebellion against the grouping and labelling of social habits and attitudes. Sprung from a family of non-conformist church people in Bradford, Room became a practising anarchist at 16. His caustic cartoons have appeared in the *Spectator*, *Peace News*, *She*, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Citizen*. Apart from his cartoonist chores, he has taken part in sundry public demonstrations and was involved in the widely publicised Challenor case in 1963, suing the police for falsifying evidence and collecting £500 in damages. This month he makes his first contribution to what is now Britain's largest non-conformist magazine. We hope to allow much more Room for this sort of thing in the future.

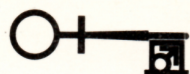
Walter Harris follows up his highly successful excursion into the subtle realms of fear and fantasy, i.e. *The Devil Makes Good* (VOL. 1 No. 3) with an equally fascinating exploration of the human psyche in this month's *The Interrogation*.

For those who like their mood indigo, *The Godsinger* by **Brian Cleeve** is a haunting fantasy told in the deep purple folk style of the American south. Cleeve's characters have a disturbing familiarity about them as if they were abstracted—not from life—but from elements of the reader himself.

From the metaphysical to the similarly haunting, but very physical person of **Miss Linda Veras**, we bow to the perspicacious eye of itinerant lensman **Peter Basch**. Providing the second of our three Pets for August, Basch uncovered Linda during a "working" Roman holiday and contributes, herewith, to her growing popularity as a new star in the Italian cinematic firmament.

Lila Sohl, (pronounced 'soul') lends added body to the notion that physical beauty may tend to obscure the talent and sensitivity that dwells within a budding actress—further details are dutifully uncovered on page 57.

Upholding the traditionally superb level of fictive and feature festivities are: *Take Two*, another subtopian playlet in one act by **Norman Thaddeus Vane**; *The Octopus Who Thought Big*, a contemporary fable by **Jonathan Clements** with suitable asides and compromises to the morality of our time; *Change Up*, fashion editor **Mike Ward** devises an interchangeable wardrobe for the year's most changeable season; *Penthouse People* with publishing and literary luminaries **Peter Owen** and **John Gardner**; and further endorsements on the poetic licence of *Ribald Rimes*. Welcome back.



PENTHOUSE

The Magazine For Men

Vol. 1. No. 4.

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VIEW FROM THE TOP



The following syndicated feature entitled "Dear Angelina" appears weekly in the CUBAN NATIONAL HERALD. The version reproduced here (Tues. Jan. 8) is an unexpurgated translation from the original and we are presenting it in full:

DEAR ANGELINA: My friends tell me that the reason I can't get a man is because I have bad breath. Is this true: do men really care what a girl's breath is like.

Puzzled

Dear Puzzled I'm afraid the answer is yes! Unscrupulous American trade practices have intoxicated our people with false values and made them fear the natural and obvious functions of the human body. I would discount false dentrifice claims and continue being natural and unaffected. When the right man comes along he will love you as you are. A walking advertisement for American dental products has no place in a progressive Cuban society.

DEAR ANGELINA: I have spent several years now trying to teach my dog a few simple tricks but he appears to be stupid and disinterested. I have tried every means including whipping him until he can no longer stand. What can I do further to convince him that he must learn.

Desperate

Dear Desperate, Dog lovers everywhere will sympathize with your difficulties. Antiquated American methods of dog training have softened and virtually destroyed the will and spirit of the species. No doubt your animal is a product of this American influence. If whipping doesn't succeed I would strongly recommend starvation.

DEAR ANGELINA: I am 14 years old but already have the feelings of a much older woman. I am in love with Carlos, who is 15, but he doesn't pay any attention to me. He has eyes only for his golf clubs.

Worried

Dear Worried, Carlos is still a child and his flirtation with golf is merely a symbol of American escapism and cannot be taken seriously. As he advances in age and experience he will learn that golf clubs cannot

take the place of duty and obligation. Soon, however, it will be impossible for him to continue this unfortunate pursuit since all golf courses will be nationalized and converted into sugar plantations.

DEAR ANGELINA: All my life I have wanted to mingle socially with better class people. At this moment I am employed by the Cuban State Sewage and Disposal Corporation and after a hard day's work underground I find it difficult to enter their company.

Unwanted

Dear Unwanted, Class distinction is one of the unfortunate examples of the decadent North American social system. The success of the new régime will depend on the gradual integration of all classes. Try to think of it this way; the white collar workers whom you envy are not unlinked with your own profession. They need your sewage and disposal know-how just as much as your livelihood depends on their ability to provide you with the necessary raw materials for such disposal.

DEAR ANGELINA: The man I love doesn't want me. For 17 years we have been happily engaged and now, suddenly, he wants to wait awhile before getting married. What can I possibly do to hasten his decision.

Disappointed

Dear Disappointed, I think you were wrong in having a long engagement. American

divorce practices have probably influenced your fiancé's decision. Our younger generation is too aware of the pitfalls of extra-marital activity in the United States. Appeal to his sense of pride and prove to him that a good Cuban girl doesn't mind waiting for the man she loves.

That's Entertainment?

"Magistrates may act on indecent strip-club shows"—*Daily Mirror*.
Kinky, kinky. . .

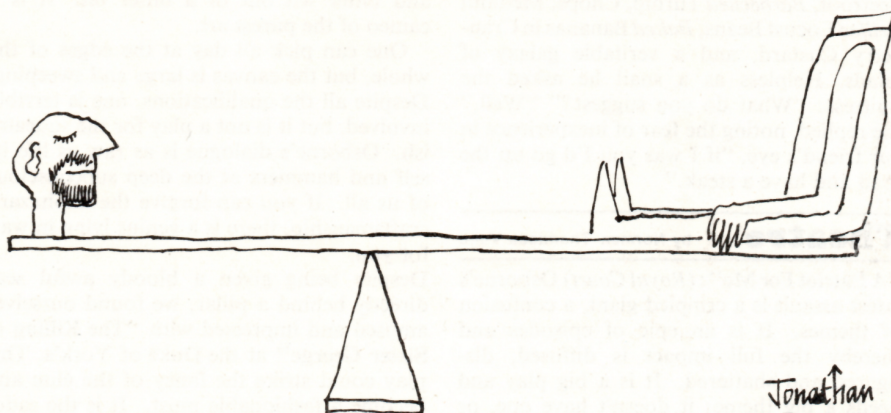
One Way Stretch

"Barrister, twenty years' standing, seeks suitable position.—Write Box z1084."
Advert in *The Times*
And lo, a mattress-tester is born.

The Unoriginal Sin

Without a word of warning the cliché season is upon us all again. Perhaps it's the decadent hint of summer in the air that produces, as if by magic, these mouthed platitudes. We don't know; but we do know that from a recent evening of British television we sat down and harvested these typical gems of world-weary dialogue. Recognize them?

(1) The scene: A plastic and bamboo-shooted coffee bar in the Provinces. Characters: a fading playboy type and his earnest-eyed wife, who still looks beautiful in spite of



it all. She turns with dewy lips to her husband and manages to croak: "Edwin, honey, what-*ever happened to us?*"

(2) The scene: A house that doesn't know it but is about to be robbed. Characters: four anonymous crooks, scattered about a darkened room. The most nervous of them crawls over to the leader and whispers: "I don't like it; it's too *quiet* . . ."

(3) The scene: A ramshackle boarding house in the suburbs of Leeds. Characters: a fresh-complexioned pop singer (male) and about fifty other show-business failures. They are all morosely wondering why the big bad Backer has hopped town in a hurry when lo! the pop singer leaps clumsily on a table and exclaims in a bright voice: "Say, everybody—why don't we do the show right *here*?"

(4) The scene: A mid-Western town in America. Characters: Jeff, an angry young cowhand who feels he's been wronged by his ranch-owning father; and Sarah-Jane, his beloved, but apparently not all *that* beloved, for Jeff's in the process of getting the hell out. As he roars away in his white Chevrolet, Sarah-Jane in anguish is heard to wail: "Oh, Jeff, running away won't *solve* anything! . . ."

Beauty Treatment

It wouldn't surprise us a bit if the American Treasury Dept. opens wide its coffers and ladles out a goodly grant to Portugal. For they who plot these things down in Lisbon have played a master hand. When the Hollywood film "*The Ugly American*" hit town, they squared their shoulders, and with an eye skinned for the future, retitled it "*His Excellency The Ambassador*."

Vandal Scandal

"Two 12-year-old boys were asked at the juvenile court at Wimbledon, London, if they were sorry for wrecking the town hall. Both replied: 'Yes, we thought it was the church we were breaking up'."—*News Of The World*.

A mistake anyone in a hurry could make.

Mighty Meatless Matey

A dubious acquaintance of ours got stranded in a vegetarian restaurant the other day, and stared long and incredulously at the menu that was offered to him. His eyes ran furtively up and down the list, which detailed such captivating delicacies as *Roast Celery*, *Stewed Beetroot*, *Barbecued Turnip*, *Chops*, *Medium Grilled Locust Beans*, *Baked Bananas in Cranberry Custard*, and a veritable galaxy of salads. Helpless as a snail he asked the waitress: "What do you suggest?" "Well," she replied, noting the fear of inexperience in our friend's eye, "if I was you I'd go up the road and have a steak."

Theatre

by Norman Thaddeus Vane

"*A Patriot For Me*": (*Royal Court*) Osborne's latest assault is a crippled giant, a confusion of themes. It is an epic of episodes and thereby the full impact is diffused, disfigured and shattered. It is a big play and needs a big theme; it doesn't have one, or

perhaps it has too many small criss-crossing ones. It is about empire, about the military mentality, about the decadence of the aristocrat and about the decline and complete submergence of the intellectual. It is about the eternal sick seed at the core of the Teutonic mind. But more than anything else it is the pathetic story of a homosexual and expanding the symbol, *all* homosexuals.

At least that is the one clear theme it is possible to emerge with out of this suffocating entanglement. On one man's personal level, this play succeeds; for in his destruction, it is the destruction of all men like him. It is this aspect of Osborne's play that we can identify with on present-day terms.

Alfred Redl is a Jew posing as a Catholic, a bourgeois masking as a member of the élite, a man of weakness in a profession that allows no discernible cracks. He is inhuman, yet all too human, German and smug, cold, relentless—and afraid. He is a mass of contradictions. He is part of a great order, the Austro-Hungarian Empire but his allegiance is not to his Emperor, but to himself and his own sexual obsession.

Scene by scene we follow his emergence as an officer, his inability to adjust or compromise to women sexually and his own awareness of the seed that proves to be his own destruction. When he becomes consciously aware, he suffers for it, but not against it, for in whatever Redl does, he does so fully. Redl becomes a Colonel, a rich and powerful figure who gives himself wholly to his indulgences. He does not relent until he is emotionally bankrupt. His whims know no bounds and he hesitates at nothing to fulfill them, including the betrayal of his own country. In the end he pays for this indiscretion with the price of his own life.

As theatre, the play is always fascinating, always intelligent and often exciting. As a play, it is as full of holes as a Swiss cheese.

Tony Page's direction is sure and tight, not an easy task with a huge cast that tumbles and swirls through a myriad of changes. Maximilian Schell is the perfect Teuton, hard, cold, distant. In the end he is still the perfect soldier of the old order who executes himself by command as precisely as he has executed others. George Divine as a camp old queen of his own society, plays hostess to a "drag ball" that is the ultimate in homosexuality. "She" squeezes the nuance and bitter wit out of a bitter bit. It is a cameo of the purest art.

One can pick all day at the edges of the whole, but the canvas is large and sweeping. Despite all the qualifications, one is terribly involved, but it is not a play for the squeamish. Osborne's dialogue is as raw as life itself and hammers at the deep subconscious of us all. If you can forgive the haphazard craftsmanship, there is a genius lying in wait for you.

Despite being given a bloody awful seat directly behind a pillar, we found ourselves amused and impressed with "*The Killing of Sister George*" at the Duke of York's. This play could strike the fancy of the élite and become a fashionable must. It is the sado-

masochistic relationship of two lesbians, the raging, angry aggressive Bull dike of Beryl Reid, and the submissive femme of Eileen Atkins; the whole slight plot revolves around the dismissal, after six years, of Sister George the District Nurse in a Mrs. Dale type series on the BBC. The nerve-edge relationship of their sexual life is drawn into open conflict—and it's a riot. Sister George butts, curses and vents all her anguish onto her strange bedfellow. She subjects her to eating her cigar butts and conjures up punishments like drinking her bath water. But Eileen Atkins', subtle and cringing, proves without equivocation that it is the masochist in her power to endure that is even stronger than the sadist's need to inflict. Miss Atkins is pathetic and lost, and her plight becomes the focal figure of our sympathy. If one must quibble, perhaps Sister George has not *enough* Bull in her dike, enough base in her being to be a frightening threat. It finds laughs too easily and too much on the farce side to leave the total impact undiffused and searing. At the end Sister George loses her little masochist to Lally Bowers and is left mooing on the stage, in abject preparation for the only part left in life for her, a great cow on a BBC childrens' programme. And what a *vasch* she will be! Despite our reservations, our hearts were mooing with her.

Films

by Norman Thaddeus Vane

"*The Sandpiper*": The Monterey sandpiper is a creature of the beach that pecks out a relentless existence from the wash of the sea. Elizabeth Taylor is the symbolic sandpiper of the film, a free spirit, a naturalist who lives simply with her small son on the same shore and rages her own personal war against conformity.

When her son kills a deer, an eruption and betrayal of her own laws, she is forced to give him up to a school, the head of which is a Minister, in this case, by fortuitous accident, Richard Burton. They clash like Maugham's Sadie Thompson and her man of God. Like him, Burton cannot twist away from his own emotions, but is trapped by his lust. He struggles against his beliefs, the school which is his life, and tragically his own inner torment, all embodied in the love of his wife. The film gets mired down in the slime of its own sentimentality. It is all too much to swallow and the story skitters too near the surface of soap opera with only occasional submerging. What saves it at all is writer Dalton Trumbo's own left of centre iconoclasm. His lines in the mouth of Taylor strike like snakes coiled in that Big Sur morass. She cuts the minister to his religious quick with her whip-like tongue. The anti-climactic end is seen a long way off and like a losing long-distance runner, stumbles and struggles the last quarter of the film to its denouement. However, if you can withstand the muck, the hard core centre of Taylor's performance is as shiny as a beach pebble. Burton's Minister sheds no great insight into the obvious.

The camera's eye is a soft multi-coloured smear of swirling sea and steep cliffs rising beyond the limits of the film, very far indeed, at least to the delicate wings of those Hollywood gulls. . . .

"Repulsion": Before we are repulsed, we are subjected to a good hour of arid waste-land, even to shots of Catherine Deneuve from every conceivable angle. Slowly and intensely the climate of insanity clouds her mind as we are prepared for the butchery. And when it comes even Grand Guignol had nothing on this. Roman Polanski is brilliant when he is visual, etching in the hollows of her sick mind most subtly. But it is Roman the writer, even with his French sidekick to help him, that is dreadful. The dialogue sounds exactly like what it is—a Pole writing in French and having it translated into English. Then to put these much abused lines into the mouth of a French actress, playing it back in English is more than slightly awkward. However, forget the dialogue. Directors will always batter their audiences with the egocentricity of their own writing. When the film is pure Horror, we submerge masochistically into its gore, bathe in it. And that last shot, the camera seeking out the eyes of the child on an old photograph who has grown up to murder two men brutally. Those eyes tell the whole story, for in them are the seeds of her incipient insanity, the frightened, rising terror of the already damned. It is a shot I shall never forget. One last word of caution to the director, if Polanski is going to direct more of these psychological-mood films, somebody had better point out to him the opposite of what the word Mood, spells. . . .

Books

by Norman Thaddeus Vane

Pass The Bitter Lemon, John

A "Spaniard In The Works," depicted and decomposed by John Lennon and instigated by Jonathan Cape (10/6) goes from bad to verse. It owes its birth pangs to Lewis Carroll, Finnegan's Wake and James Thurber, but still has a magic madness of its own that makes it a 'lil jewel, a delight to the eye and ear. It should be taken slowly like a dose of salts over a good many re-readings. To consume it all at once will result in an immediate case of mental diarrhoea. We especially liked the title song, the political diatribe called "General Erection" and the religious discussion "I Believe, Boot" was a tickle on the palate. The sketches with gratuities to Jim Thurb are a touch of the real blarney. They titillate and titivate. Some of the minor potions overreach and fall flat on their metaphors, but never you mind. They can't all be imperfect. But the Son is definitely equal to his Pops.

Hogan's Hand-book Of Social Sex

I think Ben Hogan is without question a great golfer, but his pants are too baggy. He has also written one of the sexiest books we have encountered in many a long time called deceptively, "Ben Hogan, The Modern

Fundamentals Of Golf," a Corgi book (5/-). *Don't Be Fooled By This Title!* This is a SEX book, clearly pornographic and calculated to incite. If you can read between the lines you may also discover how to play golf, but that aspect of the book is not important. We urge you NOT to read this book in bed with anyone but your wife and DO NOT under any circumstances allow it within the reach of minors.

Now then, lock the doors, lower the shades, gingerly and tremulously pick up the book and prepare for a unique experience by a master of technique and positions. If you disbelieve us, here are a few brief samplings of what is in store for you.

"Waggle your club back and forth. Possibly because the word waggle suggests that any aimless piece of oscillation fills the bill, many have the mistaken idea that it doesn't really matter how you waggle. To put it another way, they think the only purpose in waggling is to loosen yourself up so that you won't be tense or rigid. There is a great deal more to the waggle than that." I should think so, too.

And listen to this: "When he assumes the 'semi-sitting' position the upper part of the player's trunk remains relatively erect as he bends at the knees. The sit-down motion is like lowering yourself (about two inches) onto a spectator's sport-stick." We don't even dare comment on that.

But listen to this: "Practice at home can be made more pleasant if you do it along with your wife, or son, or daughter, or golfing friend." The Freudian implications in that are beyond belief. The whole book is full of this sort of thing, great chapters of it devoted to those of us who feel we are losing our grip. "The shaft also lies directly across the top joint of the forefinger—I would suggest practising it five or ten minutes a day for a week until it begins to become second nature—to obtain the proper grip with the right hand, hold it somewhat extended, with the palm facing your target. Now—your left hand is already correctly affixed." And so on, and so forth.

But why stop here? One gem we extracted from the summary that we don't necessarily go along with is, "And whether you are practising or playing, school yourself to think in terms of the cause and not the results." Well, I don't know about that, many a good lad has gone under because of not caring about the results. The book reminds us very much of the Zen Buddhist one on the art of archery which also purported to teach one sporting subject while really mostly concerned with the teaching of another. Anyone for tennis?

Sounds

by Jonathan Clements

Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee

(Extra 1004). In the summer of 1957, just a year before he died, Big Bill Broonzy appeared on a late late radio show in

Chicago with two of his musical friends. This fine record, which is a slightly shortened transcript of that broadcast, is a valuable and entertaining addition to the archives of jazz. For as well as the singing and the guitar playing of these legendary giants, there are short and personal conversations between the three; their lives thus unfold as the music is played. And this music is to whisky as today's so-called 'folk' singing is to soda water.

This Is The Ivy League— Ivy League

(Piccadilly NPL 3805). If you can live with twelve tracks of flat singing, eerie diction, soggy rhythm, heartless phrasing and the kind of lyrics that reek of the Kindergarten League, then this is the record for you. About the kindest thing one could say about the members of the Ivy League is that they're all tall. But this is just one opinion; the coyly written sleeve-note, however, assures us that hearing the boys sing is a rare experience. Yes, but the same could be said for a session with thumb-screws. They both have roughly the same effect.

What's New?—Sonny Rollins

(RCA Victor RD 7524). The seemingly limitless scope of Sonny Rollins, that wild and woolly saxophonist, is once more brought to the fore with this joyous collection of Bossa-Nova tunes. Sometimes screaming and yelping like an angry seabird, sometimes moaning and growling low among contrapuntal complications, Rollins manages to shift his rhythmic urges South America way with no trouble at all. Shining well in the gently swinging background is the soulful guitar of Jim Hall, who perhaps should have wandered nearer the microphone now and then.

Ellington '66—Duke Ellington

(Reprise R 6154). This is something of a Jekyll and Hyde affair; on the one hand we have occasional flashes of instrumental beauty; and, sadly, on the other there are the bathos-infested tunes (Charade, People Who Need People, Moon River) and the undercurrent of glib, heartless associations that go with them. But, if such things must be played, then a law should be passed allowing only the Duke to play them first.

Blues Incorporated—Alexis Corner

(Decca ACL 1187). An exciting issue, on Decca's cheap label, of this English R. & Blues group with a difference (the difference being that they overflow with contagious zestfulness) that was formed in 1962. Although the music wailed is earthy, and so obviously rooted in the blues, there is no drought of experimentation; on *Preaching The Blues*, for instance, Alexis Corner plays a strange but highly literate solo on a bouzouki—a Middle Eastern member of the guitar family—by irreverently scraping a door-key along the strings.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and correspondents alike discuss topics of general interest to the PENTHOUSE reader. Any reasonable subject, whether directly related to actual articles or stories appearing in PENTHOUSE or not, will be considered for discussion in these columns.

Whilst every effort is made to encourage and promote a cross-section of readership opinion, the views expressed in these columns are not necessarily those of the publisher, his editors or staff.

Corporal Punishment

In December, 1961, PARENTS MAGAZINE published a reader's letter concerned with the caning of girls. This letter touched off a nationwide controversy which did not subside until late in the Spring of 1962. PARENTS followed up with an objective and dispassionate article on Corporal Punishment by Professor John Cohen, whilst continuing to print an impressive selection of reader's reactions to the thrashing and caning of children and teenagers.

In our last issue of PENTHOUSE (VOL. 1—NO. 3), reader J. Hudson, writing in reaction to R. E. L. Masters' notes on the beating of girls in THE ANTI-SEX (VOL. 1—NO. 2) has touched off a similar controversy. The following is a representative selection of readers' views for and against the various points made in Hudson's letter:

J. Hudson's letter regarding the beating of girls can only be placed in two categories: (1) He has his tongue deep in his cheek. (2) He is either a potential sadist or a vicarious masochist.

Let it be assumed for the moment that his letter is a serious one. The evidence shows that corporal punishment in British schools is decreasing. Paradoxically police raids on prostitutes' flats indicate an increase in flagellation.

To continue; imagine the appalling effect of "whipping" a teenager in front of the family. A Dante Inferno scene indeed! If in private; what then? Almost the whole of a woman's body is an erogenous zone, thus beating a woman's buttocks soon causes sexual orgasm. Hence hand caning in girls' schools.

Between the two wars a distinguished German Jew wrote a monograph called "The Whip in Sexuality" from which source an article differentiating between flagellation as an end which is abnormal and as a stimulus in sex relations could be written.

In conclusion why has J. Hudson, in his catalogue of punishment instruments, omitted the birch?

BRING BACK THE BIRCH!

*John Mathieson,
Priory Road,
Richmond, Surrey.*

I'm afraid that Mr Hudson is sadly mistaken when he concludes his forcible plea for "a serious article" on the caning of teenage girls with the assertion that "many fathers would like to have" this controversial subject discussed "in a rational way." That is just what 98% of parents do *not* want to discuss these days. They know perfectly well that the increasing rise in juvenile delinquency stems from defiance of parental authority, but they prefer to live in a fool's paradise, imagining that, in some miraculous way, their undisciplined daughters will become excellent wives and mothers.

We all read about Mods and Rockers invading coastal resorts where hundreds of girls "egged on" their boy-friends in their premeditated hooliganism. We have come to regard it as commonplace when thousands of screaming teenage girls indulge in mass hysteria at the first glimpse of their idols. We are expected to be tolerant when we hear that a number of schoolgirls proudly display their yellow Golliwog badges in token of their lost virginity, while (in another school) a team of teenage girls repeatedly go on shop-lifting forays. What did their parents do about it? Has anybody ever heard of a single mother who, in any of one of these instances, has applied a cane or a hairbrush to her daughter's bottom? Of course not, that would not conform to the claptrap that passes as modern psychiatry today.

Fortunately, my wife and I have more old-fashioned views. We try to steer a middle course in the bringing up of our three daughters, now aged 17, 15 and 14, realising that over-strictness could be just as disastrous as over-indulgence. So we never nag the girls over trifles or reasonable mistakes nor dampen their little enthusiasms. They are lively, intelligent girls with charming manners, but sometimes their high spirits lead them into trouble. Then the defaulter is taken to our bedroom, where she takes down her knickers while her mother fetches a slender, swishy cane from the wardrobe. The grim order, "Bend Over!", is given quietly but firmly and the culprit bends over the bed for six or eight of the best. The two younger girls get it about half-a-dozen times each in the year—always in strict privacy. The eldest had not had a caning since early

January until the end of June, when she came home well after midnight for the second time within a week. She got eight strokes from her mother without the protection of pyjamas and next day it was, in fact, a case of "meals off the mantelpiece!" The girls knowing that their canings are deserved, bear no grudge and remain their normal, cheerful, affectionate selves.

*Ian McNeill,
Stanley Road,
Twickenham.*

My boyfriend showed me your magazine, and asked me what I thought of Mr Hudson's letter because he knows that I have experience of these matters.

My sister and I had two brothers and there was complete equality in upbringing including discipline. Till each of us was 12 we were spanked on the bare behind with a slipper, but when we reached 12 father used the cane. He had a thin one which he used if we were wearing a skirt and a thick one which he used across our shorts or slacks if we were wearing those. The boys got theirs on their trousers. The thick cane was the worst.

Usually we bent over a chair or a table. All culprits were caned together, but otherwise it was private. We got three strokes for carelessness, but six for lying or serious faults.

We just took it as a matter of course, and not one of us thought of protesting. I was just 18 when I was last caned, but if I did anything really bad I would not hesitate to allow my father to cane me though I am now 23.

*Norma MacKay,
Edinburgh.*

I am going to become a regular reader of PENTHOUSE.

First of all, I would like to congratulate you on your broadminded articles.

I agree with reader J. Hudson, about an article or symposium on the chastisement of girls and young women.

I think that corporal punishment should only be used as a last resort on children or teenagers of both sexes. Excessive beatings with canes for minor offences in homes and schools are unnecessary.

I hope your magazine goes from strength to strength.

*O. Johnson,
Buckhurst Hill,
Essex.*

J. Hudson raises points in his letter that anyone concerned with juvenile delinquency would certainly like discussed. His final question is the most pertinent. The application of an old-fashioned school cane to the buttocks is a painful procedure, and one that no teenager would willingly submit to.

On the only occasion we chastised our fifteen-year-old daughter, we proceeded in the following manner. I held her across the arm of an easy chair and my wife applied the cane, across the seat of her stretch-nylon pants. The lesson was sharp and effective,

and contrary to the views of the head-shrinkers, proved a complete deterrent.

The whipping of teenagers, however, is something that should be carried out with care, especially where the recipient is a girl. My own view is that it should be in private, with both parents present, and although any corporal punishment should be painful it must not be excessive. One feels that the American-type spanking paddle is the ideal instrument, as caning can result in severe wealing if the user becomes angry or frustrated by the struggles of the child.

I hope as J. Hudson suggests that this matter will have free discussion in your excellent magazine.

*T. F. Francis, B.A.
Kensington Close,
Oxford.*

I was interested to read J. Hudson's letter in "Penthouse Forum" in your third number of PENTHOUSE.

I thought you might be interested in my views, and you have my full permission to use my letter in your column, edit it how you will!

We have two daughters, one aged fifteen and the other eighteen years old. My wife and I are firm believers in the value of corporal punishment for teenagers of both sexes. We only use it on rare occasions; both our girls have not had more than six beatings in the last eighteen months. We use it only for devious offences such as lying, coming in very late, and rudeness.

My wife and I decide together whether the girl deserves it; and she is sent up to her bedroom one hour earlier than usual to make a greater impact on her.

The girl changes into her night-attire. I carry out the actual punishment but I always insist on my wife being present at the time.

The girl then lies over the edge of her bed and pulls up her night-dress. I then give her six strokes of the strap on her bare bottom, the older girl gets up to eight strokes.

We use a strap because we feel it is more humane than a cane for a girl. Both girls find it hard to sit down for a day or two, but there are no hard feelings. They say they much prefer to get it over with quickly than be kept in for days like their friends.

The punishment is always given in the privacy of their bedrooms, we feel it is very bad for it to take place before the rest of the family.

Both our daughters are happy healthy girls. They seem far more mature and happier than many of their friends who are allowed to do just what they like!

I do so hope you could write a serious article on this subject in your splendid magazine, and get rid of some of the strange taboos surrounding it!

Looking forward to your next issue of PENTHOUSE.

*Richard Mandeville,
Greensands,
Dormans Park Road,
Lingfield,
Surrey.*

Armchair Editor

I have read two issues of your publication. May I with great respect to your problems state how dull and uninteresting they are.

Your photographs though good as technical works are dead to any other aspect of life or representation a nude may have in artistic merit. True the girls, not women, are pin-heads in your description of their nature, they are neither Nymph or Coquette, pathetic to the point of almost needing protection from themselves. Drag ins.

If you need to succeed you have to compare your work against a long tradition of sensualism of the first order, in pre-Christian times up to the present day. Men and women have higher standards of sensual reaction because of higher spiritual values today, so the pill no matter how basic needs more in it. . . .

This is where you fail. Europeans are more sophisticated than the younger nations and a stronger male approach to women is part of our way of thinking.

The Nude can be degenerate, noble, crude, stimulating, sad, foolish. It's the person and nothing else. If an artist knows his craft he will get the best from what there is, beyond this he will fail, as the Victorians did—Mrs Vall De Vere as Cleopatra?

This is at the stage where your publication stands at the moment, to adolescents from adolescents on the subject.

Looking at your staff list it's a wonder that you have got so far, can anything be so overloaded to start with.

As heavy and pedantic as the architects journal or the S.I.A. review.

PENTHOUSE, it reads like a BED SITTER. You have the rut boys at your elbow, nobody higher than your Pet's knees.

Please don't let this letter upset you, but I hope it makes you take a grip on things, not a strangle hold.

Start with genius, then it takes genius to control it. Beware of platitudes, they can kill quicker than contention.

Never take a moral or anti-moral attitude unless one can think as Kant, or St Thomas on the subject.

Let other persons do this.

If a Model has sun tan patches on her get them off, or don't photograph but get her drawn or painted.

If a photographer or artist enjoys his subject, sack him. He's too involved in the matter to see clear enough to get the best from what is.

Don't think that beauty or sex starts at 17, and ends at 22. It's only a type of beauty at those ages.

Too much powder makes any man sick, get some beef into the magazine as well.

Hunting. Fishing. Flying. Mountain Climbing. Rugger. Exploration. Special types of car sports other than track racing, Man's Dogs and animals. Works of art. The way of life for men and their special women. Music of all types. The open seas. Navigation, sea lore. Entertaining, social events over the world. Peace and War. The

soldier, the holy man, the political man, the industrial leader.

When you have this and your women you will have a leader. A good Editor should be able to get it, or write it himself if he is worth his salt till the style brings it in.

Never use photographs for men's fashions. Transpose in drawings except in special cases.

If you have boys have men, if you have girls have women. Too much of one or the other gives nothing.

At the moment the paper has no balance, it's SICK.

Of course if this is what you intend it to be, then keep right on, till the end of the road, which is about 40 years behind the time. As old hat as Sir Julian Huxley and for that matter W. Mankowitz. Real Dodo's stone age stuff.

Get out of that lumber quick or you are dead, dead. Oh! the chances you have. What a Rose, what thorns, how the money drips like blood, your blood.

*Richard Bartle,
East Molesey, Surrey.*

Vitriolic Claptrap

By chance I purchased a copy of No. 2 and was amused to read the vitriolic claptrap from which you seem to be suffering.

I knew nothing about this "affair" but this is not surprising as I indulge in selective reading of newspapers. With the dailies, on reading merely the important items, I make due allowance for the propaganda angle of the paper concerned, and avoid Editorials like the plague, because such opinion columns are usually devoid of the requisite perception and erudition to add to my own general knowledge.

T.V. interviews I watch hopefully on occasion to see the impudent interviewer slapped down by the victim.

How entertaining for example could be an interview of Malcolm Muggeridge by Eamonn Andrews?

I regard freedom of the individual as one of the most important human rights in existence, and it may only be curtailed if it should impinge on the freedom of others

Success to your magazine. Be provocative at all times. Debunk pomposity and continue the general high standard of production already attained.

Enclosed cheque 10/-. Please forward Nos 1 and 3 and also a subscription form for filling in for 12 months.

*George T Layton,
Eccles, Manchester.*

Encore Bit

Congratulations on producing such a fine magazine as PENTHOUSE. As a long time reader of *Playboy* (ten years now) I do consider myself to be rather an expert on sophisticated men's magazines, and yours I think rates as just about the best.

Also congratulations on your PENTHOUSE

PETS. The standard of photography as well as the subjects are the very best that I have seen, *Playboy* included.

I do hope that you are not paying too much attention to your would-be critics, who complain about the articles and worse still about the pets, i.e. "Flat-chested teenagers" or "Ghost Bikinis." Just go your own way and you will be keeping the majority of your readers happy. Incidentally my own opinion on your girls is that "Ghost Bikinis" are very appealing, and many of the girls in the American magazines are far too big and out of proportion.

I've had my say now, so I'll put my soap-box away. Do keep up the good work.

Richard Van Allen II,
Lewisham, London, S.E.13.

Goddess Among Women

I agree with the letter published in your June issue that the models that appear in your magazine are inclined to look like "flat-chested teenagers." Over the past few years the type of model held to be the Ideal seems to have changed at least in the opinions of magazine photographic editors.

Do you honestly believe these girls are the epitome of feminine grace, charm, beauty; do they in your eyes smoulder with womanliness and sex appeal or can you see them as most men would as little girls trying to look like women.

A few years ago there was a model who in my eyes at least was a goddess among women with a figure of such fine sculptured proportions that no other model before or since can equal. Her face was beautiful in the extreme and she radiated with a indefinable quality of grace. In short she would make any of the current so-called models look like half-starved schoolgirls. Her name—"Ann Austin." So would you please oblige with some pictures in a future issue preferably colour.

F. L. Edwards,
Enfield, Middlesex.

For the edification of reader Edwards and others, PENTHOUSE is constantly on the lookout for new girls capable of meeting the difficult requirements and standards imposed by our own editorial policy. In order to qualify for our PET-OF-THE-MONTH feature, a girl must not have appeared nude in any other publication at any time prior to her appearance in PENTHOUSE. She must be of excellent character and good educational background and capable of representing PENTHOUSE to the public should she be called upon to do so. Requirements for our other pictorial features are essentially the same with the exception that girls who have modelled before and not—in these circumstances—necessarily excluded. Should the delightful-sounding Miss Austin pass our way, she will be given every consideration.—ED.

Advertisers Please Note Dept

I congratulate your attempt to publish a magazine of this kind which should have been done years ago.

I know that you have probably had thousands of letters, telling you how to improve the publication and this will be one more to put up with.

Why in an expensive looking magazine do you place two leaves of brown wrapping paper?

Being an amateur figure photographer here is my opinion of your figure work for what it may be worth. Issue No. 2 should have had Tiger Lil as centre pullout, excellent composition and relaxed model, light tones and no silly expression as usually depicted by models. As for "Linda Ritchie" I endorse G. Henry of Leeds remarks of flat-chested teenagers! Issue No. 3 a far better class of photography but again too dark a colour for the pullout. Far better in my opinion would have been "Diana," although "Bambi" in lighter format would have been equal.

Would it be possible to put nudes in with the advertisements, a "PET" perched on the "Alfa-Romeo" or, holding a wine glass of "Taylors Port" would have more impact than as now.

Having not found out about your magazine till issue No. 2 I cannot comment on No. 1 but here's hoping No. 4 is more to my liking photographically.

Mr. D. Smith,
Bath Road,
Hayes, Middlesex.

The brown "wrapping paper" to which reader Smith refers is a special composition prepared exclusively for PENTHOUSE according to our own specifications and costs considerably more per page than the normally expensive "White" paper on which these columns appear.—ED.

Out In The Cold

PENTHOUSE is here to stay. "View from the top" makes me laugh and your articles make me think, which is more than I can say for *Playboy*. But I still buy both; comparisons are fun.

My only grouse is, why must you keep publishing letters from people who think PENTHOUSE is so much gutter trash? They will never see their words in print, so why should we, your loyal readers have to put up with them? Leave them out in the cold where they belong.

John Shimwell,
Stanhope Gardens,
London, S.W.7.

We think the grouseurs will read their letters; and, in order to do so, will have to buy PENTHOUSE. Okay?

Shhh!

I have just bought my first and by no means the last copy of PENTHOUSE (edition number three), and I am glad to see now there is an English magazine for men to really compete with, shhh! *Playboy*. I think your symposium on abortion is very good indeed, your jokes, well. . . they're just too funny for words and who ever wrote the rules for "Lewdo" must really have a great

sense of humour, I just wish I had that sort of wit. There is one thing though, out of your two models of the month (that is the two featured in colour) Bambi Lynn-Davies and Diana Patricia Dunn, I do think you should have chosen Diana as your Pet-Of-The-Month. She is after all more beautiful than Bambi, face and figure-wise. I do hope that she (Diana) will become one of the PENTHOUSE modèles exclusif, appearing not too often to be a regular but often enough not to be missed. Keep pressing ahead with this Great magazine, good luck!

Philip H. Ellis,
"Madrettor,"
Spicers Field,
Oxshott, Surrey.

Broadminded

May I thank you for the three PENTHOUSE Magazines you have sent me.

This is a beautiful magazine and as far as I can see there is no harm in it at all, although the British Law appears to think so.

The material is interesting and the photos are lovely.

The Press can print what photos they like in the newspapers but we are not allowed to have a magazine like yours for our pleasure.

It is nearly time the British were a little more broadminded.

However, I shall look forward to your next issue and wish you all the very best in your success.

Thanking you, and keep going.

M. G. C. Mugford,
Weston Mill Estate,
Plymouth.

Ribald Rimes Dept

I don't know whether you intend to carry on your Ribald Rimes series but in case you do I can offer you the following guaranteed original limerick which I made up from observation after passing through the Welsh town mentioned.

I think that the limerick has the merit of being on a PENTHOUSE favoured subject, and also of scanning properly, which isn't always the case.

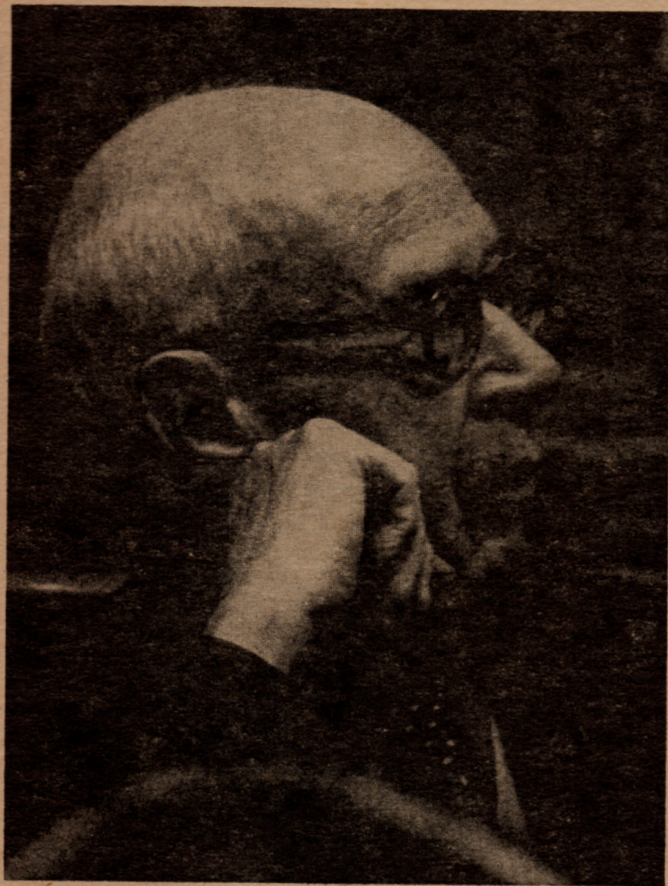
There was once a gay girl of Caerphilly
Whose chest was quite cha-rmingly hilly,
When told "Wear a Bra"
She cried "No, my dear Ma,
I look best when I bounce, you old silly!"

In passing I should like to say that, while I would not have been so rude to Miss Ritchie I do agree with the remarks of Mr G. Henry in your No. 3 Issue. I think that Linda Ritchie is a very charming-looking girl and that when dressed for any occasion she would need to fear competition from very few of her sex, but when undressed for an occasion (i.e. a rendezvous with the PENTHOUSE photographer) she really does come a rather poor second to the stunning appearance of your curvaceous No. 1 Pet-of-the-Month, Miss Denise Johns.

B. A. Sterling,
Bartons, Stoughton,
Chichester.

Any more originals out there in the sticks?

The letters of Henry Miller to Anais Nin collected in this article span the enormously creative period between 1932 and 1939. These years were perhaps the most important in Miller's life, the most fruitful in his career as a writer and the most decisive in his development as a man. In many ways, they were also the most difficult.□ Anyone familiar with Miller's work and its essentially autobiographical nature, will find much of the raw material of his art in these letters. He will also find the fresh components of a self-portrait of Miller, the highly personal, unpremeditated reflection of a man whose image has often been overshadowed by the very nature of his art.□ The controversial, sensational aspects surrounding Miller's work, the censorship battles, the clandestine traffic in his books, the legal haggles to get his most important work published in his own country—almost 30 years later—and Miller's own identification with the "I" of his books have tended to obscure not only the true nature of his enormous contribution to twentieth-century literature, but also the image of the man himself.□ These selected letters to Anais Nin, his friend and confidante of many years, often scrawled or typed hastily on odd bits of paper, envelopes and the backs of old menus, without thought of publication or posterity, are possibly the closest we will ever come to an unvarnished, unconscious, "auto-biographical" portrait of Henry Miller during these decisive years.



The Observer

HENRY MILLER

LETTERS TO ANAIS NIN

The Lycée Carnot, as the establishment is called, so far as I am concerned seems just about a peg above a penitentiary. To call it a Spartan régime, as Dr. Krans put it, conveys nothing.¹ Perhaps the weather also contributes toward making the picture a morbid one. Certainly, except for London (which even in February was milder than this) I have never experienced anything like it. The town seems to be shrouded in a thick blanket of icy fog, the trees are white with frost, and everybody looks raw and chapped. No, this is quite a different Dijon from the one I knew in the summer-time.

I was received cordially enough and everyone acts graciously but—the buildings are like refrigerators, sinister withal, in disrepair, mouldy, and what not. I find myself surrounded by a dozen monitors, called *surveillants*, all poor devils struggling to get degrees, and putting up a bold front despite the poor food, the cold, the general unattractiveness of life here.

Frankly, my first impulse was to beat it this morning. A frightfully cold room, no running water, on the top floor of a dormitory that gives you the pleasant sensation of entering a morgue. Listen, I don't want to lay it on thick. I am writing this to you privately.

¹To solve Miller's economic situation, a friend had introduced him to Dr. Krans, an administrator of the French school system, who had found a job for him in Dijon as a *repetiteur d'anglais*, an instructor in English.

After a week or so I shall probably not notice the discomfits. But the first few hours—horrors! No place to send a white man. That's *entre nous*.

To add to this picture of cheer let me say that this morning I was informed that there is no compensation attached to the job—just board and room, such as it is. Upon my soul, had I suspected anything like this (despite the word "Spartan") I would have remained in Paris under no matter what circumstances. As it is, I feel obliged to give it a fair trial. (The teaching is not difficult at all and there is only 9 hours a week).

I am not writing Dr. Krans yet. He said expressly, I remember, "not to go by first impressions," but had I been morally free I would have turned back at once. In any case, should you be seeing him soon again, just mention please that I was somewhat disappointed in not getting a stipend. Both he and Desclos (of the Office National) stated definitely that there would be. As for the rest, hold off on that for the present. Perhaps I will be able to adjust myself, and I am especially eager to since I was so ready to take anything. I don't wish to appear ungrateful or a weakling either. Nevertheless, the previous two teachers, one an American and the other an Englishman, couldn't stick it out either. The Englishman, I was told, beat it the second day under cover of night without saying a word.



Miller and Anais Nin in one of the few photographs taken together.

Last night the fellows took me from one Bal to another. At one of the places I saw a girl (they tell me she is a whore) whom I fell for at once. Many congratulations and pats on the shoulder for my choice! But what they did not perceive was that I fell hard. You know, they take these things so delightfully easy. Their approbation would have been no different had I ordered a very choice wine, for example. Well, I did not dance with the young lady. I sat and watched her dance with the others. I deliberately tortured myself by observing how familiarly the others handled her.

I permitted myself to imagine how nonchalantly she gave herself to the first bidder. And I, yes, I would be willing to get down on my knees to her. When she looked my way (and she looked right thru one without being either coarse or bold) I actually began to tremble. I am reconciled to regarding her as unattainable. I want her to be, in fact. I want to feel that, as I walk the streets, I may sometime encounter her, and without her knowing it, follow her from a distance. Only a week here and voilà, une femme! Always seeking for something to worship. Always choosing those who may be had for the asking. What a spectacle!

* * *

I find that the bawdyhouses are grouped right near the lycée. The street bears the delightful name of "Philibert Papillon, Bibliographe". I have not yet been inside one, but the outsides are pleasant. One of them has a beautiful little outhouse attached to it, whence comes the odor of fried chicken, pommes frites, garlic, etc. If my sailor friend were here he would by this time have made the acquaintance of the Madame and be inviting his friends to dinner on the rue Philibert Papillon. My own inclinations lean that way. I am sure they eat better and more enjoyably than we do here.

Incidentally, the conversation at table is of an order beyond description, as are the manners. It is absolutely Rabelaisian. No pruriency, but a great gusto, an insatiable lust. Everything is tied up with the sexual organs and the process of evacuation. Betweenwhiles a great belching on all sides together with dogfights for the last morsel of meat, the last piece of cake. The only thing that remains is the wine—and that is where I display my swinishness. Sometimes, for the love of the spectacle, I refuse to eat my allotted share. The scramble that ensues is hilarious. They go at it like a pack of hyenas. The conversation at table is damned near incomprehensible to me. It is explained to me later. And, to be sure, the same chaps who were spilling this jargon a moment before are the very ones who delight me with the purity of their speech. It is now or never that I am going to become acquainted with the poetry of Rimbaud and Verlaine.

* * *

I think you are dead right about the hyper-sexuality, the effect of so many women, etc. Strange that the Cora episode came off so feebly. Cora was the most important influence in my early life; I think she maimed me. (I saw her later after she was married and had a child—and what a wet rag she turned out to be. But when I dream about her as I sometimes do, she is magnificent. I'll touch on all that in the book.)

Jesus—about the typewriter! No, damn it, I may be a rogue but I wouldn't do that.² I have done that sort of thing in the past. You make me laugh when I read your words. How well you know the artist's irresponsibility. But I seem incapable of that now—I think I should regret it, don't you?

You also make me laugh talking about Casanova. You don't know yet what men are like, pardon. I am fairly normal. It is true I swim in a perpetual sea of sex but the actual excursions are fairly limited. I think it's more like this—that I'm always ready to love, always hungry to love. I'm talking about love, not just sex.

²Anais Nin had jokingly suggested that Miller might hock or sell the typewriter she was trying to get for him.

And I don't mind at all saturating my work with it—sex I mean—because I'm not afraid of it and I almost want to stand up and preach about it, like that nut in (Robinson Jeffers') *The Women at Point Sur*. He was cracked and people forgive that, but I am quite sane, too sane almost, madly sane. No, I'll stop explaining myself. I'll let you explain me to myself—that sounds intelligent and fantastic. Don't worry about offending me—that's quite impossible.

* * *

I learn from Fred that we have to traverse a dangerous district on our way to Clichy—that is the short distance from the Porte to the house. Feel good about it. Planning to get back the heavy Mexican cane that I brought from America, a cane I gave to the son of Admiral Potemkin. Fred wants to carry a knife. Fine. I can see in advance the state of the office upon hearing the news of our death. Jules, the editor, will say—"Fellows, stop a minute. Miller and Perlès have just been killed. Will somebody write a little notice?" And then, Egan, the sports writer, will start a collection for flowers. And at the Trois Portes they will drink a little heavier during the break in order to brace themselves. And all I would wish is that I might have eyes to see their faces on the way to the cemetery. Lee Dickson, from Tin Pan Alley, wiping his eyes and saying "my buddies". The compositors chalking up the collection on the sheet next to the telephone—ah, les Américains, mon Dieu!

* * *

It is hard for me to get down to what I wish to say. I was intending to go to the *Tribune* to type but I felt I would lose everything before I got there. I went up to my room, but it was so cold I came right down again. Then I dashed to the Select, and in my excitement I ordered food that I didn't need. I changed my place because of the draft and then gave the chasseur a big tip for changing my pen. In this mood I am crazy enough to spend a hundred francs for a pen point, but as I never carry a hundred francs with me it's all right.

It all starts from the time I got up. I woke up bursting to write. Had made a date with (Wambly) Bald to call for him soon as I got up, have breakfast with him and help him write his column. Well, I ducked him, thinking it more important to do my own work. But as luck would have it Osborn sees me and I am obliged to sit and listen to his nonsense about Spengler for an hour and a half. Finally, just as I am breaking away, I stumble into Bald. "Jesus, I've been looking all over for you," he says, beaming with joy. "Yeah, I've been looking for you, too," I say, lying gracefully. "Joe," he says, "you don't know what a service you're doing me. There's an English lord in town who thinks I'm hot. He may give me a job on his paper. We gotta write a good column. It means everything to me."

When I hear that I melt. So we go to his room and he gives me an idea of what he wants—only it's terribly vague. "Do you need a bottle, Joe?" he asks. "No, Joe, I'm O.K. only beat it. Let me get to it." "But do you know what you're going to write?" "No, but I will soon."

But before he goes he tells me a story about some woman whom he had in his room recently. The story robs me of my wits completely. I shut the door on him and look at my money. The temptation is to bust right out of the room and go somewhere. I pace up and down feverishly. Then I get angry with myself, sit down and

begin to punch the keys. When I have written a page he returns with a bottle of Cointreau and a woman. The woman throws herself on the bed and Joe falls on top of her. In desperation I tackle the bottle. Now I am completely unnerved, but it has become a point of pride—to finish the column under any circumstance. So while he mauls her I write about thermometers and mental climate. I don't know what I am writing but I keep draining the bottle. Every once in a while he opens the window to let out the smoke and then the girl puts her dresses down. It takes me a couple of hours to finish page three. Finally Joe asks for the key to my room and goes off with the girl. When I stagger out of the room I am completely drunk. After dinner I sober up a bit and look at the papers to see what cinema to go to. It is my night off, and since I can't write I decide to entertain myself. I feel it's coming to me. What I wanted to do was to go to Studio 28 but it is too far and I am dead on my feet. So I go to the Rue de la Gaîté prepared in advance to be disappointed.

* * *

Very very grateful for all these books—you raise me to ecstasies. I want to ask more of you—yes, I am avaricious, devouring. I want you to get me someday a good-sized notebook that opens flat, and stays flat, with paper on which I can write and paint water-colors. I'd like a permanent place for all my notes—my drunken dreams, my lecherous drawings, my wishes, requests, book lists, street names, etc., etc. When I croak maybe that would sell and net someone a little profit—and I owe so many people. (I'd like my kid to be taken care of, and my unfortunate sister.) You know, Fred and I talked of a strange thing the other night. Rare, rare, I talk this way. I thought of my daughter—she must be somewhere between 11 and 13 yrs. old.³ I can't figure it out exactly. I want to see her before she becomes a young woman. Oh, we talked crazily. We talked of getting her here to Paris. Impossible—for many reasons—of course. But there you are. If I ever see her again I don't know what will happen to me. I loved her so terribly—and I was cruel. I wonder if she would forgive me ever? She belongs to me—I feel that. She is my little girl, more than my wife's. And I want her someday. I want to explain things to her.

Is this sentimental? Hell, I don't care. It is so seldom I indulge myself this way.

* * *

Says Kahane (quoting the man in French)—We had a 20-minute conversation about the book (*Tropic of Cancer*). He says it's magnificent, overwhelming (épouvantable etc., etc., etc.) beside which *Lady Chatterley* and *Ulysses* is lemonade. He says I'm a powerful, formidable writer—and he has never seen a book like it. (I think they're all going mildly crazy—losing their perspective, etc.) He says that just as soon as they see there is no danger they will handle it and be damned eager to do so—they have been eating themselves up ever since they made the mistake of refusing to distribute *Lady Chatterley*. They advised Kahane, for the sake of precaution, to first bring out a small edition labeled "Privately Printed" (as Lawrence did) with the name of the printer (Obelisk Press) in tiny letters at the bottom of the next to the last page, etc., etc. Kahane asked my opinion and I bowed to his more practical

³ His first child, Barbara, was born in 1918, when Miller was married to Beatrice Sylvas Wickens.

judgement. What the hell do I care about these matters? He thinks too it may be wise, more effective, to launch it after Christmas (about end of February) because it would "hardly make a good Xmas gift". He said very forcibly he wants to put it over with a bang—he wants no errors, no fumbling, etc. Said Joyce and Lawrence were sort of "sneaked over", but that now the time had come to do it boldly, etc. (There seems to be an inconsistency here, but it is only on the surface. He is being wary at the opening only to entrench himself more solidly).

* * *

I'm writing you from 4 Ave. Anatole France, to my great surprise and your own no doubt. I never got to London at all. Was held up by the immigration authorities at Newhaven, the English side, subjected to a grueling cross-examination as a suspect, locked up over-night and sent back next morning. It's a long story and I want the pleasure of recounting it to you in detail. The excuse given me was that I had not sufficient money to justify my trip—I had only 187 francs, you see, though 300 or 800 wouldn't have made any difference either. In fact, when I asked them how much ought I have they refused to say, refused to commit themselves to any definite sums. It was a very humiliating experience: they treated me as a cross between a criminal and a demented person. I'm thinking now that perhaps they suspected me of being a Communist. At any rate, after passing the night with the constable, under lock and key, I had great qualms as to whether I would get back in France all right. They handed me over to the French authorities as if I were a thief. But there I was received very humanly; my French visa had run out and I was obliged to pay for a renewal, and that was all. They treated me again like a human being—no grilling, no suspicions. I was almost in tears and overjoyed to think I was safely on my way to Paris. My great fear was that I would be shuffled around from one country to another, from one jail to another, as a vagabond. And the greatest fear was that I might be deported back to America. When I thought of that my heart sank. That is the last place I should want to go to.

* * *

Café nights! Room too cold, fingers freeze. Halfway thru the last insertion for *Tropic of Cancer*. Got drunk on it. Tonight, reading (Samuel) Putnam's *Rabelais*, I see so many points of correspondence—amazing. His chapter on François' first visit to Paris interests me terribly—the song of the streets again. And Putnam anticipates me when he says: "But Paris, despite the changes, always remains the same." I have always had a hankering to someday cover the trajectory of a few great men—like Hannibal, Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Genghis Khan—and now Rabelais looks good to me. In fact, at Dijon, I got the authentic flavor of those cities from the students—the very names of the cities are familiar to me and mean things. Just think—it was at 54 St. André des Arts, Paris, that Rabelais lived for a while (the former Hotel St Denis). And it was only a stone's throw away, on this very street, that I sold my clothes for a song to a Jewish merchant. Great street. And at La Rochelle, where Osborn went with Jeanne, Rabelais sojourned and was fascinated by the sights—it was then second to Lyons in size, a great commercial port. Also—Rabelais had strong words to say about institutions of learning, their physical aspect, the rotten eggs they served and the lice in the rooms. (Dijon!) It was

at Avignon he had a fling with a woman—then a loose city. And, did I ever say how fascinated I was by this city, when I stopped there—that little square opposite the Palais du Pape—and the monastery outside the city where once the monks made Chartreuse. And, back in Paris, Rabelais even knew the *Vanves* district! Interesting is the difference 2 centuries made in Paris—between Villon's time and Rabelais'. Does this interest you?

And then Étienne Dolet, his friend and betrayer, the man who printed his *Pantagruel* and was executed for using Rabelais' own words. (I think of the woes that are going to descend on my poor publisher). (And I think of that statue to Étienne Dolet on the Blvd. St Germain, which I used to look at wonderingly every time I went to the woman dentist.) Interesting neighborhood when you ascend the hill—Mont St Geneviève. And Rabelais placed great emphasis on Sport—Athletics. Gave it great prominence in his educational plans. Loved it so much he almost forgot his learning! Do you see why I am interested? That he was an encyclopedia of learning, there is no doubt. He drank in everything—was insatiable—so that that cry of the baby Gargantua, or is it Pantagruel, "A drink! A drink!" becomes a fine symbol.

This evening, whilst lying on the couch, I made a discovery, or at least reaffirmed a discovery which had been dormant. It is this: that while one tackles a job, writes a book, one must write several books concurrently. Not write them, as it is usually imagined, but let them grow. For it is when you are in the throes of a creation that you create multilaterally, as it were. He who finds himself obstructed during creation, finds himself invaded by extraneous ideas, should welcome these irruptions, and not seek to deflect or suppress them. (And that is the universal sin among artists). Therefore, as I already informed you, I am giving ear and voice to these intrusions; I am going to let grow the various books that have already taken root in me; and as time goes on, while I am finishing the allotted task these notes and hasty expressions, these unbidden ecstasies, will accumulate in their separate folders and one day I shall look at them and behold, there will be the books that I was going to write! What are these books? Principally, the saga of June (*Tropic of Capricorn*), the Cinema (about films and the art of the cinema), the Scenario (*Palace of Entrails*), the Dream Book. Since it has been made so clear to us, through Gide's words on Dostoevski, that each book contains the germ of the next, let us take advantage consciously of this condition of creation. The author is like a tree in the midst of his creations; his creations are the atmosphere in which he bathes; as he grows he sends down roots and it is from the roots that the future trees grow, not from the blossoms and the acorns. Or, think of a snake: a snake does not shed the old skin until he has grown a new one. The book you write is the old skin that you are shedding. The important book, the new skin, is always the one that is unborn, or, if not unborn, unseen. The life in the womb, the embryo. And just as each child born is only the miraculous resultant of chance, the one out of the infinite possibilities, so the book which comes to light is only one of the many forms of expression; the great author is like a monster who produces not a single prodigy, but a whole litter!

* * *

Am in the café now where I wrote you from when I returned from the bicycle trip. It's like the monkey house. If only they behaved

[continued on page 68]



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JUST A FEW OF US, DEEP, DEEP DOWN IN THIS old cellar, and we singing for each other, me and Miko, and Andy and Gadabout—maybe a few more—that old place is so full of shadows you can't see who there and who ain't. Candles in bottles and the spiders listening. Wine got stored there, long, long ago. And I'm singing, and my hands is touching the guitar—you know the way a guitar goes trembling when you touch it, sings inside and trembles like a woman; quiet, quiet, and you listen and you hear it crying deep out of its inside.

"Oh go down Moses," I was singing, and Gadabout listening; lying on her stomach listening, like I was king. And I stroke my voice along her spine, and I wish I had a voice like all the world, deep as mine-shafts, big as mountains, just so I could sing my sorrow. Oh my love, my Gadabout.

And then I see this shadow moving, and he's there. Stands all quiet, listening to me singing. Dark as me. Maybe darker. And he listens like some people sing. All the sound goes pouring in and he take it and he listens, and I couldn't sing no more because I'm suddenly afraid, and my voice is getting small, small and the guitar is crying and he looks at me and smiles and I just give him the guitar, I don't know why, and from that minute that he smiles I jus' belong to him, don't ask me how, don't ask me, and I step down and kneel by Gadabout and he takes the chair—we only got one chair, it ain't much good, all the rest is lying on the floor or squatting.

An' he touches the guitar and sings to us and I ain't never been the same. I don't remember what he sings and long, long after I asked Gadabout and she don't remember neither, nor Miko, nor anyone. Just he sings. He not a big man, almost little, and one shoulder bent like he was hunchbacked, big, big chest, and big, big head, and he sits on the chair and cradles the guitar in two long hands, and we hear the guitar go sighing, sighing like it got a heart and its heart is

the GODSINGER

by
Brian
Cleeve

*When he sang it was like the Holy City. . . .
It was like the gates of heaven had opened up. . . .*

breaking. And we ain't in that cellar any more, not me, not Gadabout, not Andy nor Miko. We come out in the sky and hear the wind, and see the forest, and I'm down by the sea where the waves are white and little, running cat foot, and I got Gadabout all warm beside me and it's like we were swimming. Floods of sun come burning and we lying naked and we hear this singing, just a big voice singing all the sky and the forest; and though it's big its sound is soft as whispers, soft as woman's skin against you, soft as cat fur. And I hold Gadabout and think my heart is breaking. Ain't possible to be so sad, and be so happy. You don't been coloured in a town like ours, you don't know sadness. We got sadness like a well of water. We got sadness like the ocean sea.

And then we're waking and he ain't there. Just gone. This minute seems we're listening to him singing. Next moment just my guitar on that old chair and we look at one another like we been witched. Gadabout holds my hand and I know she's frightened and I squeeze her hard and tell her don't be fright in a shaky voice, and Miko says "We all been dreaming, I been Africa side and dreaming, and I could swear my life away that I set foot there and walked under the big trees." And Andy don't say anything because he never do.

And the others whisper, whisper, and they kind of softly, softly drift away like they don't want to talk about it.

Three weeks more and he never come; and then he's there. Just the same of us as before. Only Gadabout is singing. She got a little voice like a croaky bird and I play the guitar for her, and I hear her voice go dying away, and see her staring, and he's there. And I just give him up the guitar, and he smiles, and leans against the cellar wall and shuts his eyes.

How can I tell you what he's singing? All my blood goes cold and crawling and that cellar is like ice, man, just like darkness in some frozen place, maybe the North Pole,

and the wind is screaming and I feel Gadabout hold my hand and hear her crying and she's all like a seabird crying, I see a great bird crying in the darkness and I hear the sea and I know that when I die I going to be all crying in the dark like that poor bird and the tears start out of me and I could wring my hands for crying because I know I'm lost forever, I ain't believed. And he changes singing, slow, slow, and then all joyful, and the darkness finished and the sun come beaming, and there's all people singing Hallelujah, Hallelujah, all the people dressed in white and singing joyful—I ain't never heard such people nor such singing, like the Holy City singing, like the gates of Heaven was opened.

And we kind of wakens up like dazzled people, and he gone again. But this time we sure he's coming back, and I hold Gadabout close and softly and I say into her head, "We saved, Gadabout, we saved people I know for sure," and she kisses my lips and says "I know." Oh, she's like a kitten woman, soft and slinky and curling up, and then all scratching, and she done wrong many times and I know and she knows I know and I can't bear to think she's lost for ever. And now I know she's saved. Just for listening to that music.

Ain't possible to argue about being saved. You just know when you've been saved. And all the others go and even Andy goes and we lean against the wall where he was leaning and we hold our hands and don't say anything, and try to hear that singing in our minds. But it's like reaching out to catch the sky. It ain't meant to hold with fingers. And we look each other and we don't know any more that we been saved and Gadabout holds me close and frightened and says, "Don't let the darkness come for me, Petey, don't let it come. Don't let me be cold again."

Three nights later he come the third time and Andy runs up to the cellar door and up to the street and calls some people—you don't know how strange that is, Andy who never is talking to anyone—and the people

come and more people, and the cellar is full and the stranger singing, and you can hear the people breathing he sings so soft and quiet and gentle. Come to me, he seems like singing, come to me you coloured people, oh my brothers, oh my dark and weary sisters. And we see the tenements and all the children, we see the landlord coming and the white policemen, we hear the factory hooter calling, and it ain't calling us because we're coloured, and in my stomach I'm feeling hungry, and all the food is white man's food. We see the gaols, and they got dogs and whips and truncheons, they got fire-hoses, and they got us herded.

You rise your head and they going to hit it with a truncheon, they going to bloody your face with fists for rising it, they going to wash the blood away with hoses, and then they going to gaol you for a trouble maker, because you raised your head to the sky. All this he's singing.

Seems like he's spread out the world for us to look at, and all we see is suffering. Like a great big night of darkness all across the world. I see the old times like dreams, and they hurt my blood. I see the slave ships anchored. Long big chains of people, negro people, shuffling, shuffling, and the whips snapping, and the lashes scalding, opening up the flesh like mouths for crying blood and agony, and they go shuffling, iron rattling, down into the frightening darkness, where the rats are waiting, and the bilge water stinking, and the ships go sailing, drifting, drifting, sixty days across the wide Atlantic. Every day they take the corpses. Hook them out and sling them overboard for the sharks waiting. All this I'm seeing, and my blood is burning, and I could run killing in the streets for what the white men done to all the negro people. Until I remember my own daddy was a white man, some kind of white man, and maybe I'd kill him in the street and never know and the song reaches out and touches me and says "No killing" and I can't lift my

(continued on page 30)



Sugar 'n' Spice

*Ever since Marco Polo introduced spice to Italy, the
Italians have had a penchant for the piquant.*







Peter Basch, camera-toting, globe-trotting, modern-day Marco Polo, has devoted a well-remunerated life to the pursuit of sugar and spice and everything nice. Basch's itinerant quest for the world's most beautiful (and photographable) women has taken him to every major city in the western world. Among the tastiest towns, according to Basch, in this enviable and much bespiced Cook's tour, is Rome. It seems the Eternal City has more palatable dishes, female-wise, than a well-laid Bacchanalian banquet.

Twenty-year-old Linda Veras, one of the dishiest to be thus digested by Basch's hungry camera, is a new and vital cinematic personality in her own right. Adding a touch of the





savoury to Rome's sweet life, Linda has spiced such recent film successes as "A Virgin for the Prince," starring alongside Vittorio Gassman and "Le Mepris" in which she competes with Brigitte Bardot for audience salivation.

Like la Lolo and Loren before her, Linda bears out that special Italian predilection for earthiness. Her tastes are disarmingly simple; she loves the sun and the sea and has recently fulfilled a long-standing ambition by buying a small villa at Tropea on the south coast of Italy.

Given Linda among the myriad other lovely ladies that luxuriate Basch's international beat, we've got a better if not more logical idea of what they mean by wanderlust.





A shaggy, 42 year old Italian-American with a perpetual stubble on his chin and a soft Californian accent has done more to upset the slow, computer-like evolution of modern poetry than any other man of our time. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, publisher, poet, novelist and shop-keeper, dropped a Heliconian clanker on May, 1956 that has shaken, rattled and rolled a whole new generation of literary dissenters into being. The "Clanker" was Allen Ginsberg's monumental "Howl," an epic experiment in poetic anarchy, first published by Ferlinghetti's then fledgling City Lights Press, banned immediately afterwards by the San Francisco police and later lobbed with unerring success across the length and breadth of the literary landscape. Its unmastigated, free-swinging verse unfettered the poet with the same insolent disregard for tradition that Jackson Pollock's non-objective Taoist paintings freed the painter from the technical encumbrance of centuries of art.

"Howl" was dedicated to a totally unknown novelist named Jack Kerouac who, with Ferlinghetti and Ginsberg, emerged as Prophets-In-Chief of the "Beat Generation". Ferlinghetti, himself, guided the whole sweep of the Beat movement—programming its obsessive energy from a small San Francisco tide to a titanic wave that was to wash all the "impurities" and conformities of conventional poetry before it.

The philosophy of the Beats, according to their several prophets, is to be beatific, to be sanctified, to be made holy, to distil the very essence of man with holiness. It is to place man upon the highest altar in every part of his being and every iota of his intelligence.

Ferlinghetti has lived, worked and wandered throughout most of the North American and European continents, but his deepest roots, unlike the legions of rebels before him, go back to his home town—San Francisco. The movement grew there and from that point spread out to embrace the whole of the western world. "Frisco" is still the Mecca of Beat and Ferlinghetti's City Lights Bookshop is its theosophical nucleus. His own life is totally involved with the unending search for revolutionary solutions. He is an extroverted idealist, a master iconoclast, an anarchist and a heretic. His major work to date is still "A Coney Island of the Mind," and his successful novels include, "Her," "Starting from San Francisco," and "Unfair Arguments with Existence and Routines."

In a series of interviews begun back-stage at the Albert Hall, during and after the now famous "Reading," carried over to an all-night party in a flat in Bayswater and similarly conducted the following day between coffees and other diversions in a crowded King's Road espresso bar, PENTHOUSE captured something of the outspoken wit and personality of Lawrence Ferlinghetti including his candid comments on life, art, homosexuality, and his fellow Beats.

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI:

A CANDID CONVERSATION WITH THE MAN WHO FOUNDED THE "BEAT" GENERATION

Penthouse : In what way is City Lights Bookshop contributing to the revolt in poetry, modern poetry, beat poetry ? I hope you do not mind my using that word. I mean it was instrumental in some way, but we do not know in England in what way.

Ferlinghetti : I don't personally insist or even like the association of City Lights with the word 'beat'.

Penthouse : Why do you object to using the word 'beat' ?

Ferlinghetti : Well, 'beat' is not as bad as 'beatnik'. 'Beatnik' was invented by San Francisco gossip columnist Herb Caen and as I told him more than once it was just a handy word describing the creative artist or the Bohemian, and 'beat' has gotten to have a meaning of its own, which is all right for various connotations like beatific or beatitude. This is Kerouac's use of the word, but it is a word I have never used in any books we have published. It is completely a product of the Press, the use of both 'beat' and 'beatnik'. It is something the Press picked up and we have never promoted it in a City Lights Publication.

Well, I tried to not just have a little narrow school, a provincial school, or a regional school of poetry represented. The books we publish have been, well, catholic in their range. They are interspaced by Allen Ginsberg's books and ones by Ezra Pound or William Carlos Williams or Spanish poets or Chilean poets or Cuban poets or Russian poets with a more international view, together with the obscene boundaries that divide everybody up on the face of the earth for no good reason, and all these other asinine customs and protocols that people have to go through to circulate round the earth. It is a truly internationalist Press.

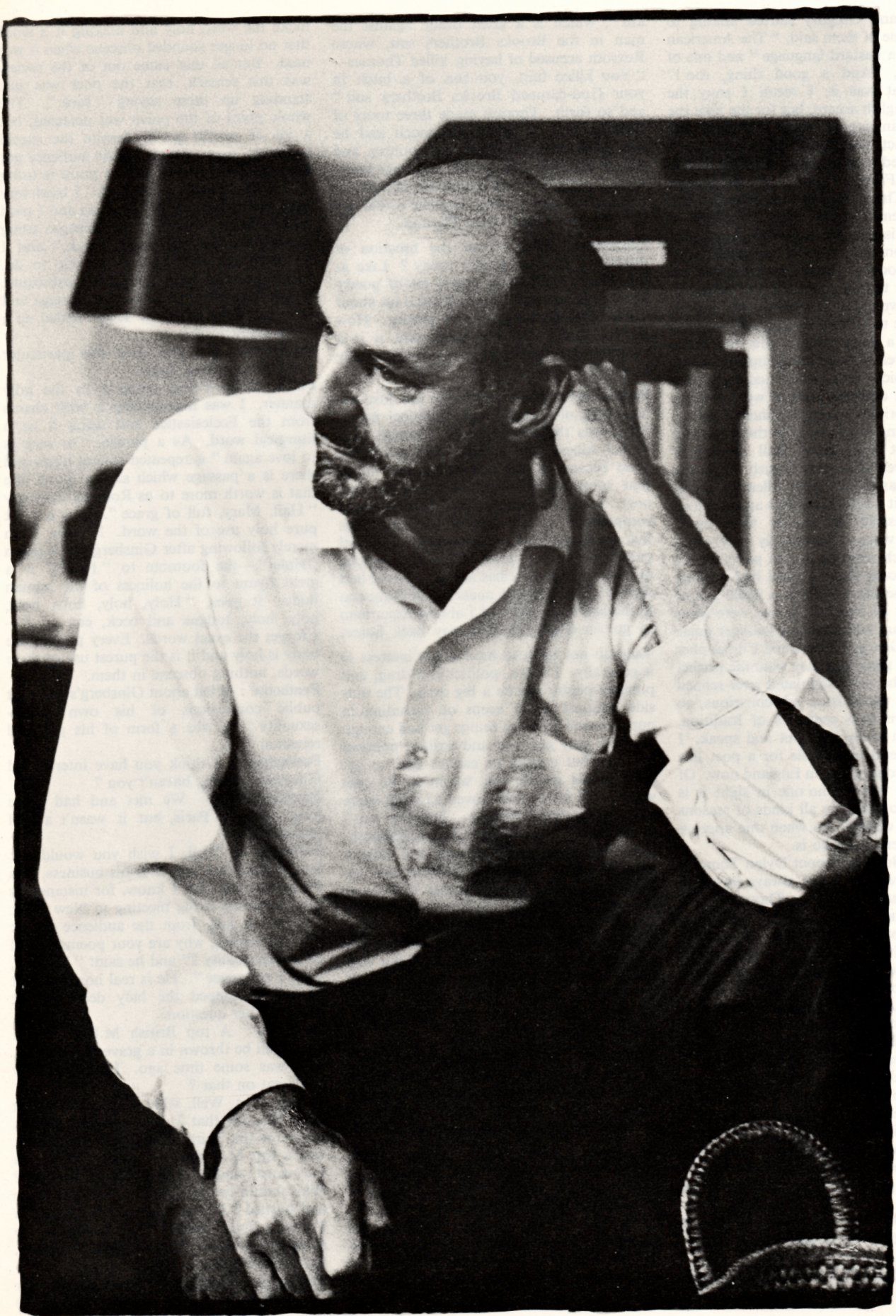
Penthouse : Is it financially successful for you ?

Ferlinghetti : This is the kind of question which I always get from people in T.V.—commercial T.V., for instance. I was talking to Gregory Corso and he said, "You must be making millions on my books. When do I get the money ?" I said, "I have never been able to figure out on any specific book whether we have ever made a cent. I know we paid the printer's bill and the whole

thing kind of arrives at the bookstore. It is good for the bookstore ; it gets the bookstore known ; but as far as the finances of publishing goes, we pay the author's regular royalties and by the time we get through paying the printer's bill and all the other things, why, I do not think there is anything left. We just keep publishing anyway and as long as we are not in the red we are doing all right.

Penthouse : Let me ask you why is it that we have very exciting young poets coming out of America and we do not seem to have any in England.

Ferlinghetti : It is the English voice, the English language which seems to me too fine for the poet to be able to bust out and say anything large. In England I hear the beautifully cultured accent and it is really beautiful to hear and the American sounds like a barbarian next to it. We were in a restaurant in Snob-City—I mean Oxford—the other day and I was giving a reading with Gregory Corso and a couple of others and we were in this Indian restaurant and there were a lot of half-drunk people at the



next table and Gregory started talking to them and one of them said, "The American language is a bastard language" and one of us shouted, "And a good thing, too!" Because that was it, I mean I envy the beautiful English accent, but for the poet the American language is much better at this point. In fact, the English has gotten much too cultivated and much too refined. It is the same in France, I think, with the French language. There does not seem to be any voice, it seems, above the well-modulated tone. That is why there is some hope in a poet like Tom Picard from Newcastle, who runs the modern Tower Poetry scene up there. He is twenty years old and he writes in a rough voice, in the Newcastle dialect, and he came to Oxford with us and he read a poem on a gang-bang in this Newcastle dialect—he really woke things up—with this big rough voice—he could be another Dylan Thomas in a different kind of way. I mean a different, original voice, but there does not seem to be any large voice on the scene like Thomas. At the Albert Hall reading, if there had been one great British voice like Dylan Thomas to read with Allen Ginsberg, for instance, it would have made an enormous difference instead of two or three small British poet voices. Admittedly they could have got much stronger British poets on the bill, but the ones that did read had nothing but some limericks. We had a 7,000-people audience and all they had to say were these limericks. I am talking about younger poets on the bill—George McBeth and Christopher Logue—were there and they were the perfect example of the well-modulated over-refined British voice which is so self-conscious, so weighed down with centuries of tradition, that it cannot really bust out and speak. I suppose it seems impossible for a poet like Whitman to come along in England now. Of course, when there is no one in sight it is always easy to make up all kinds of reasons for a lack of writers. So when one appears all of a sudden, there he is.

Penthouse : But what about Dylan Thomas, for example, which we are always throwing up—how would you rate Thomas? Of course, it's true he isn't English, he's Welsh, maybe that makes a difference. Maybe the next great English poet will come from Liverpool like the Beatles. What about Thomas? How do you rate him?

Ferlinghetti : A Genius. The greatest British poet of the century as far as I am concerned. That extraordinary voice, a beautiful voice; in his later years his voice got too lush; he became such a showman that he hammed it up quite a bit, but the quality of his voice was so marvellous. One wonders where a voice like this came from. At his time, before he appeared people were saying just what I said about the over-cultivated British voice. Well, I guess it is Wales that made the difference.

Penthouse : Do you think, as so many seem to believe, that America killed Dylan Thomas?

Ferlinghetti : No, he killed himself. Kenneth Rexroth had a poem called "Thou shalt not

kill", which is a great tirade against the man in the Brooks Brothers suit, whom Rexroth accused of having killed Thomas—"You killed him, you son of a bitch in your God-damned Brooks Brothers suit" and so forth. Thomas made three tours of America and he drank too much and he was drinking too much in this country, and people dig their own graves. I do not know what Caitlan Thomas would say about it—I doubt whether Caitlan Thomas would say that America killed Dylan Thomas.

Penthouse : What about the function of politics in modern poetry today? Like at the Albert Hall, there was a lot of poetry about Vietnam and Ginsberg did a lot about Cuba. This is the poetry of protest. How do you feel? Do you think that it is a necessary function of the poet to be politically aware?

Ferlinghetti : These questions are just the beginning of a really good political poem. What was the refrain about Vietnam used at the Albert Hall? That poet got a big hand because it was one of the few things that substantiated—that was said by any poet, that came across, that anyone could comprehend in the way of surface things that the general public knew about. Political poetry is especially good before an enormous audience like that, it has impact. I have had several visits by British poets in San Francisco in the last few years and I always urge them to go via Cuba on their way back home.

They do not seem to have much interest in it generally. I mean, politics is a drag, and political poetry can be a big drag. The outside political world keeps on intruding in our lives and so when things get bad enough the poet may get mad and write a political protest. But usually he cannot wait to get back to his private life, which is the case with me. I have been moved to write some tirades—political tirades—like the anti-atomic bomb poem and the one on impeachment of President Eisenhower and then a long one on Castro and another one on Berlin and these are all things that burst out and have to be said, because no one else is saying anything. The masters of war, as the Dylan song goes, are running the world and no one is saying anything and so the poet has to speak up; no one else is speaking up, but in between there are more important things to the poet personally—love poems, or hate poems.

Penthouse : What about obscenity in beat poetry? For instance, at the Albert Hall, you and Ginsberg shocked a lot of English viewers who were with me by making a somewhat extreme use of profanity.

Ferlinghetti : There was a review, I think, in the New Statesman—and it quoted an usher saying to two red-faced policemen in a tone of disgust, "That poet up there is doing nothing but standing up there and saying the word 'fuck'". Well, it is too bad that all that comes out of this long, serious poem that had the word in it because what I was saying was that I was trying to

make the word holy and making it a word that no longer sounded obscene when it was used. But all that came out of the review was this remark, that the poet was just standing up there saying "fuck". The whole point of the poem was defeated, but a lot of people got it despite the stupid reviewer; many people in the audience got the message. I do not see any point in using four-letter words just to shock. I tried very hard not to use any in that poem and I tried very hard to re-write those passages using a substitute for the word "fuck" and I found it was absolutely impossible to do. There was absolutely no genteel substitute. It was impossible to write that passage and have any force left in it. It just ended up a polite euphemism.

Penthouse : But you used this particular word about fifteen times.

Ferlinghetti : I was using it in the holy manner. I was interspersing it with chants from the Ecclesiastics and using it as a liturgical word. As a phrase, "to fuck is to love again" is repeated several times and there is a passage which says a litany like that is worth more to us Romans than any "Hail, Mary, full of grace". It is a most pure holy use of the word. I mean, I am merely following after Ginsberg in his poem "Howl",—the footnote to "Howl" is a great hymn to the holiness of the human body. It goes, "Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, tongue and cock, etc. . . ."—I forget the exact words. Every part of the body is holy and it is the purest use of these words, nothing obscene in them.

Penthouse : What about Ginsberg's constant public confessions of his own homosexuality? Is this a form of his personal rebellion?

Ferlinghetti : I think you have interviewed Ginsberg already, haven't you?

Penthouse : No. We met and had some long talks in Paris, but it wasn't a real interview.

Ferlinghetti : Well, I wish you would ask him. Do not ask me, it is his business, it is his private life. All I know, for instance, is that there was a big meeting in New York City and a lady from the audience asked: "Mr. Ginsberg, why are your poems so full of homosexuality?" and he said: "Because, lady, I am queer". He is real honest about it and it stopped the lady dead—but it answered her question.

Penthouse : A top British M.P. said you should all be thrown in a grave and burned. This was some time ago. Have you any comment on that?

Ferlinghetti : Well, what had he read that made him say that? It sounds like he was ready for the Third Reich. Are you sure it was a top M.P. and not a top—what was the word, under Hitler—Storm Trooper? Why should he have me thrown in the grave and burned? I think they could use him in Franco's Spain today. If he wants to go somewhere where they do that to people, that can probably be arranged.

Penthouse : Would it be possible today for
(continued on page 71)



EDITED BY ALAN REEVE-JONES

*Have you heard of knock-kneed Samuel McGuzzum,
Who married Samantha, his bow-legged cousin?
Some people say
Love finds a way
But for Sam and Samantha it doesn'.*

*A lady athletic and handsome,
Got wedged in her sleeping room transom.
When she offered some gold
for release, she was told,
That the view was worth more than the ransom.*

*The rosy-cheeked lass from Dunellen
Whom the Singapore sailors call Helen
In her efforts to please
Spread social disease
From New York to the Straits of Magellan.*

*There was a young lady from St. Cyr
Whose reflex reactions were queer.
Her escort said, "Mable,
Get up off the table;
That money's to pay for the beer."*

*There was a young maid of Boston, Mass.
Who stood in water up to her knees
(If it doesn't rhyme now,
it will when the tide comes in.)*

*There was a young man with a hernia,
Who said to his surgeon "Gol-dernya,
When carving my middle
Be sure you don't fiddle
With matters that do not concernya".*

*Now a pompous old lady of Leicester
Claimed that no man had ever caressed her,
Yet her screams in the night
Showed such wicked delight,
One was sure that the Devil possessed her.*

*There was a young lady of Ealing,
Who professed to lack sexual feeling;
But a cynic named Bentley
Just patted her gently
And she had to be scraped off the ceiling.*

the SMIDGETS

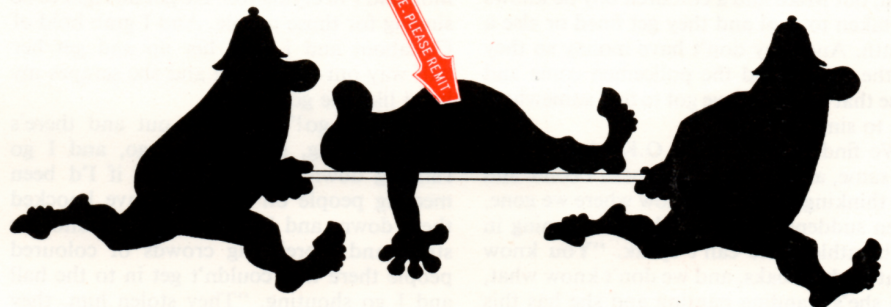
by Donald Rooum



DO NOT BEND

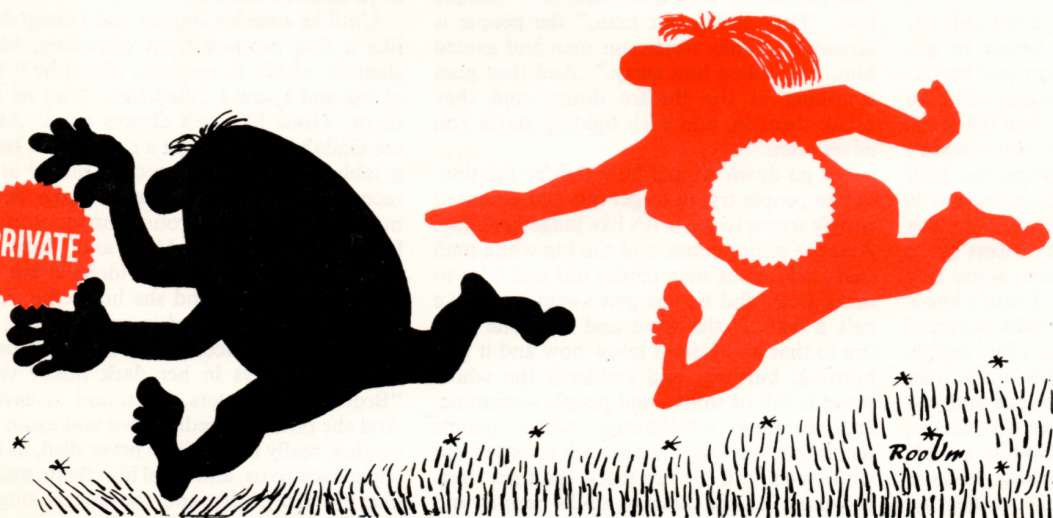


DISCOUNT IS NOW OVERDUE PLEASE REMIT



Rooum

PRIVATE



Rooum

The Godsinger

continued from page 17 hands. It's like I'm lying on a mountain side and the rain is raining, soft and warm and filling all my mouth with water.

And there's no more singing, and he's gone.

We're all used to him going just like that, but the strange people Andy called ain't used to it and they stand around like they're stunned, and they so full of talking it's like a mad house and Gadabout and me just creep away. I kind of felt there was something ended, and I was mad with Andy, and sad, and jealous, and Gadabout and me just walked hand in hand till we came to the river, and looked at the moon lying in the black water like a great round fish, and I touch my guitar and we both sing and a policeman comes and says get lost you drunken niggers, and we get lost. But afterwards I hear that outside the cellar there's a bit of fighting. Some white boys come by and start throwing chips and oranges at the coloured boys and after that singing the coloured boys aren't about to stand it and they start throwing bricks. There ain't much damage except one white boy has a broken skull, but Miko and a coloured boy he knows get taken to gaol and they get fined or else a month. And they don't have money so they do the month and the policemen come and close that cellar and we got to find somewhere else to sing.

We find another place O.K., but it ain't the same, and the stranger doesn't come and I'm thinking he doesn't know where we gone, when suddenly comes Gadabout running in all breathless she can't speak. "You know what?" she croaks, and we don't know what, and she's standing panting and she has this leaflet in her hand, and I take it from her and read it loud and it says this new singer with some jazzy name is going to appear and sing blues and spirituals in some hall and I let it fall on the ground and say "You mad? Who cares about this boy?" and she says, "It's him! I seen the hall, I seen the picture advertising, and it's him."

So we're all about to go. And not only us, the whole neighbourhood is about to go, them that's heard him, and them that hasn't. Seems like he's been getting famous while we thinking he belongs just to us. And it's seven that night, and by six o'clock you couldn't get into that street man, let alone the hall, and Gadabout and me is a hundred yards away from the door when we see the police coming and we fade. But that concert make him real news; some big fellow, some rich white man got it all fixed up. I don't know who all went to that concert besides coloured people, but after that there was white people queueing up to listen, and this white man books a tour, and has him cut discs and you can't open a paper but you see his picture, and I'm wondering what the white people hear that's different to what we hear, because man oh man if they hear what we hearing they don't going to like it one tiny bit, they

going to hate him like they hate all negro people that isn't lying flat face down to the ground.

Most of the time Gadabout and me don't get to these concerts because we got no money but after a while we got to hear him, we just got to, and I sell my windcheater and we go to listen, way way back and high up in this big hall, and there's people there you wouldn't think would listen to a coloured man singing; white women dressed up in furs and diamonds and we meet Miko on the stone stairs going up high to where we must sit and he says the white women are crazy for him, they buying his discs like teenagers, and I feel so sad I want to turn right round and go, although I spent my windcheater on those two tickets. I can't bear to think that what we hear in the cellar is all for white women with diamonds and shiny kitchens and poodle dogs yelping. But Gadabout won't let me go.

So we sit and wait, and there's other turns that don't mean nothing, and then there's him. And he's so far away you can hardly see him, you can't hardly hear him. And yet it's like he's standing by our sides. And he's singing for all those people, white and black, he don't mind their colour he's just singing. There's a white girl sitting by me, and she's crying, and I could kill her, and I could kill him, and I'm crying too. He got no right to be singing for those people. And I grab hold of Gadabout and I grab her up and get her half way out of her seat and she scrapes my hand like she got claws.

"Let me go!" she calls out and there's people staring, so I let her go, and I go running down those stairs and if I'd been meeting people on them I'd have knocked them down, and I go running out into the street and there's big crowds of coloured people there that couldn't get in to the hall and I go shouting, "They stolen him, they stolen our man," and next all over there's people shouting, "They stolen him, they stolen him, they killed him away," and a brick goes throwing, and a white policeman comes up with his stick swinging, and another brick takes him in the head like a spoon takes a little bit egg in an egg cup and that policeman falls down and they trample him. "They stolen our man," the people is screaming, "they stolen our man and gaoled him, they killed him away." And they goes smashing at the theatre doors, and they break them in, and such fighting starts you never seen.

Oh go down Moses how they're fighting. White people trying to get out and coloured people trying to get in it's like judgement day. And the police come, and the big white man that's taken our man comes out and tries to make quiet and he just gets swept away like he's a leaf on the wind and someone puts fire to that hall I don't know how and it gets burning, burning, and suddenly the whole street is full of smoke and people screaming, and running whichaway, white people screaming you never heard such sounds from white men, and the fire truck can't get there because of all the cars and all the people, and that theatre must be made of matches it

burns and burns, and I'm crazy thinking of Gadabout till I see her coming. But she doesn't see me, she just runs crying, and I follow her, and she won't stop running, and I follow and I follow her and I catch her at last and hold her tight, and she holds me for forgetfulness and she tells me that she seen him dying.

I don't believe her, I just don't believe.

"I see the big curtain come down," she said, "and he's behind it, and the place all burning. I know he's dying. I know he's dead."

And I lead her away, and I tell her that the theatre is got to have plenty of doors, and he just walking out like she, how can he be dying. Just wait till next time and there's another concert and he'll be singing. I don't tell her that I hate him now, it isn't the time. And I don't hate him any more, I don't know what I feel, I just feel nothing. Except for Gadabout. Just nothing. And she leave me and I go home, and for three days I don't come out, I don't see nobody.

And when I do come out it's all old history, about the theatre burning, and him getting caught and burned, he burned so hard they don't find even cinders of him, just bones and a shoe. And I still feel nothing. And they catch me that I was rioting, I don't know who tells lies, but they say they know and they send me to gaol for a month along with twenty others, and we lie in gaol and I feel nothing. Like I had a father and my father died and I felt nothing. Like it was right for him to die, because he betrayed us.

And I come out of gaol and go looking for Gadabout, and they say she's here, or maybe there, and I go looking for her for three days, and I come to a cellar place like the one where it began and I think maybe I will go down and find her there—and suddenly—and suddenly I hear him singing, and my knees feel like a knife has cut the strings behind them, and I can't stand up, I fall down on the steps and listen, and I feel my heart inside me swelling, swelling, like a great cloud of pain that's swelling and if he'd come out to see me there I would have died for shame. I would have died for sorrow.

Until he ends his singing and I creep down like a dog escaped from drowning, like a shadow, afraid to see him, afraid he'll look at me and know I killed him. And he isn't there. Gone like he's always gone. And I see Gadabout, sitting on a ricket chair beside a table, and she got a record player and a record, and there's maybe a dozen people in the shadows, lying round, or squatting, or leaning on the walls. Miko and Andy, and the others. And Gadabout looks at me, and my heart is dying, and she holds the needle of the record player and sees me coming, and she smiles in welcome. "Come and listen, Petey," she says in her dark husky voice. "Brothers and sisters, listen and be saved." And she puts the needle down and again he's singing, really him as if he never died, as if he come back to us, and I feel him there, and it's like the Holy City and the angels singing, like the Holy City of Jerusalem.



Antithetical to the now paling proposition that all Scots are mean is the provocatively selfless behaviour of one Cathy MacDonald who gives her all, and then some—for PENTHOUSE.





A distinguished philosopher once said "he cannot give more who gives of himself," and Glasgow-born Cathy MacDonald has given the PENTHOUSE reader the most precious and carefully guarded gift of all—her own inimitable beauty.

The gentle art of persuasion, at which we are necessarily adept, was shelved in the case of Cathy. We found her a willing and enthusiastic model, unperturbed at the thought of sharing herself with the admiring millions and generous in her approbation of a magazine which is both "honest and uplifting in its treatment of women."

"Normally," says she, "I would never dream of appearing nude in a national or any other magazine, but I admire the things you're trying to do and the honest way you do them. When a woman feels elevated in what she does, when she feels appreciated in a genuine and intelligent way she will do anything. So many magazines of this type play the woman down—make her unreal—like a brainless dummy in a shabby store window. This does nothing for the girl and it cannot give much serious enjoyment to the men who see her."

Cathy professes no ulterior motive in her willingness to appear in PENTHOUSE. "I am an actress but not a serious one. I don't have any great aspirations. I've been in lots of films with stars like Peter Sellers, John Wayne, etc., but I regard this kind of work as a less evil alternative to working in an office. I'm basically lazy and I admit it.





I love to travel and you might say I make a hobby out of learning foreign languages."

At the moment, Cathy speaks excellent Spanish and more than passable French and Italian. She's working on Arabic because it's a "lazy sonorous language—it's cool and the people are cool."

At 22, Cathy MacDonald has travelled more than 35,000 miles and made 11 films in 7 countries. Spain is her favourite place—"Life is easy and unhurried and the Spanish are a very kind and sincere people. You make friends easily and no one expects you to be anything more than you are."

"I've got a tiny, two room flat in Queensgate and between films I read, paint, and play baseball in Hyde Park. Film work is my only source of income. I go to parties but only under sufferance. I prefer a small gathering of friends to anything grand and therefore impersonal. I'm not on the make. I have several boyfriends—nothing serious, I prefer



intelligent, gifted men, the kind that can hold my interest by what they have to say rather than how much they can spend or what kind of car they drive."

Ultimately, her ambitions centre around finding the right man with the "right attitude toward life. I don't expect him to be really extraordinary. We should like the same things, be tolerant of each other's short-comings and learn to be good companions first and good lovers second. We will travel—have just enough money to enjoy our freedom and one day—when we get tired of wandering—settle down and have children."

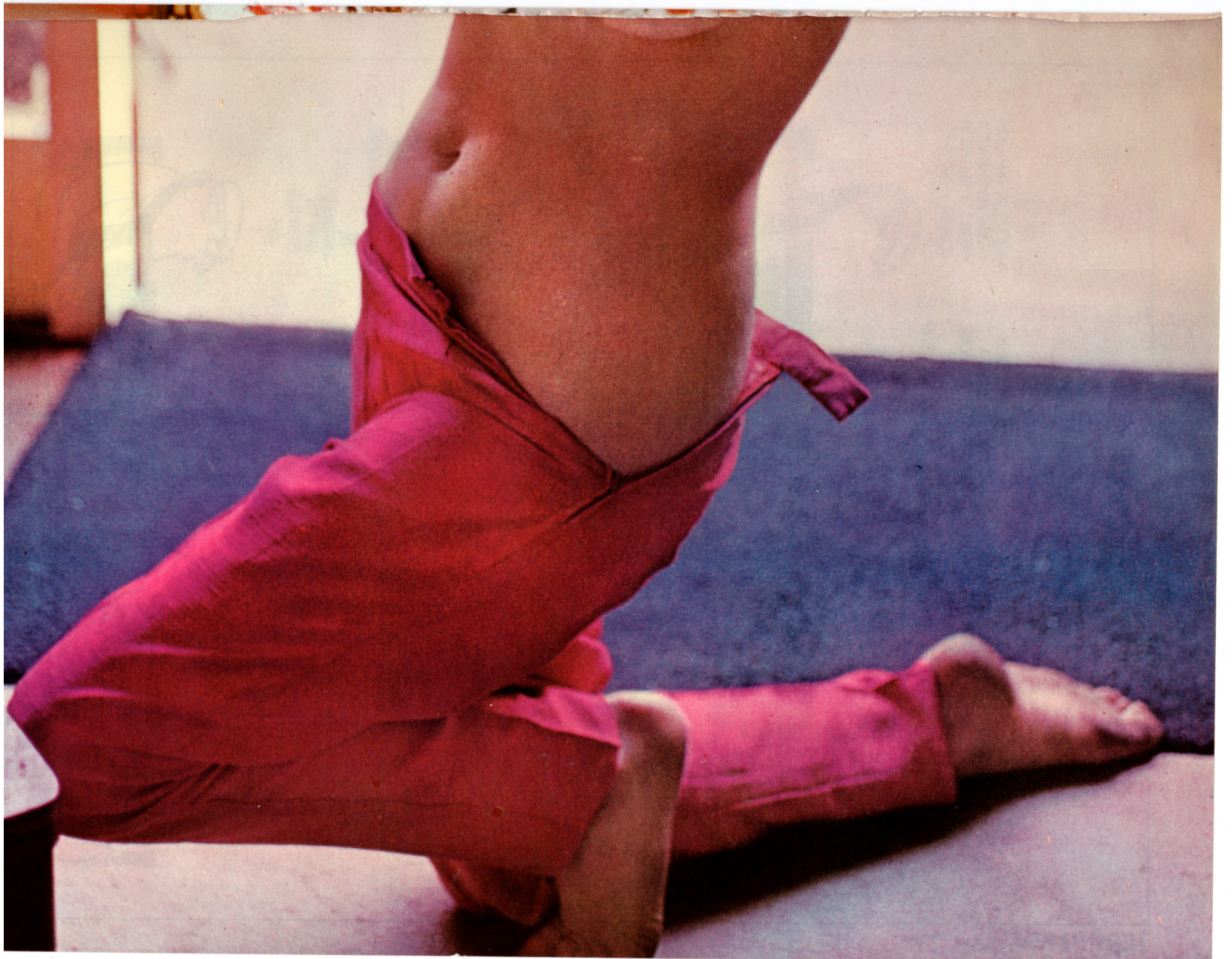
But in the generous meantime, Cathy is content to swing along with the gently loping wheel of London life. She is refreshingly uncomplicated, having learned, as it were, the simple art of taking her pleasures where she finds them. And—for *your* pleasure, she finds herself here, gracing cover and centre-fold alike—a charming addition to our growing collection of PENTHOUSE pets.





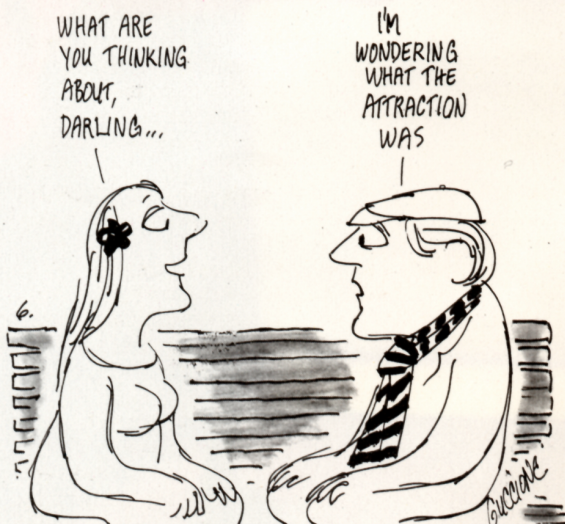
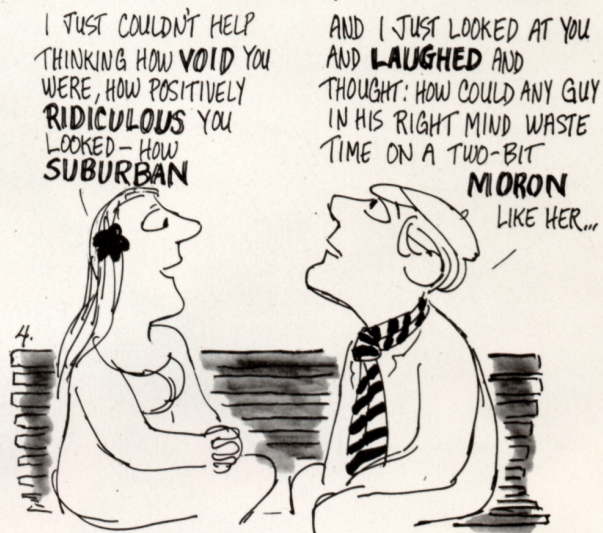
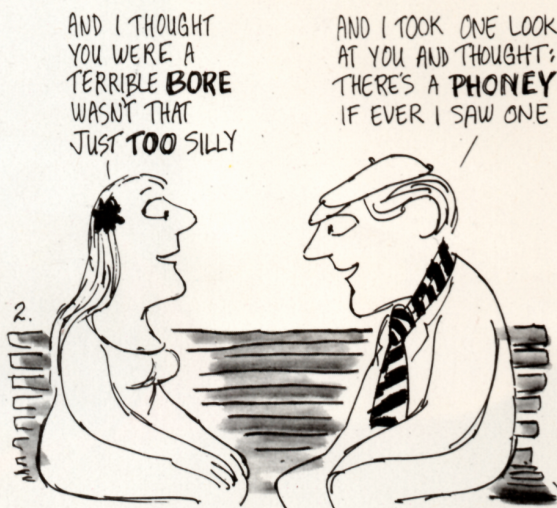
MISS CATHY MACDONALD/PENTHOUSE PET-OF-THE MONTH





lost horizons

by GUCCIONE



the interrogation

by
walter
harris



"You are building up an excuse to torture me," the girl said. She was tense, her black eyes dared him in the lantern-light. . . .

"OF COURSE, THERE ARE TWO PRINCIPAL KINDS OF INTERROGATION," Clipton said, leaning back in his chair and smiling with sadistic recollection. About him, the Officers Mess of 229 Company, the Anglian Fusiliers, buzzed and roared, but Bertenshaw was not conscious of it. Talk of interrogation and its not so distant cousin, torture, fascinated him much as the more sophisticated reminiscences of the Mess voluptuary, Captain Rudd, who had read the Khama Sutra at the age of twelve and spent most of the twenty years since trying to practise Oriental love techniques on vaguely amused English divorcees.

"The two are interrogation in order to learn something not of immediate importance and interrogation to extract vital information required at once. In the former category may be put our method of extracting information from the gentlemen who ran Norway for the Nazis during the war."

"What was our method?" asked Bertenshaw.

"We didn't use any physical persuasion at all—at first." Clipton grinned. "We took every prisoner in Norway to a screening centre, and at the screening barriers we stationed Quislings who had been sentenced to death for their charming activities during the Occupation. We held out a delicious little bait for them. If they would identify the fifty-odd SS officers and gauleiters who had run Norway,

we might just commute their death sentences."

"Wasn't that a bit haphazard? After all, they would probably have identified anybody to save their necks."

"Aha, we knew whom they should identify. We just wanted confirmation. We stripped every prisoner, and as the SS boys took off their Wehrmacht NCO's uniforms and tried to strut along naked, we got it. Then we segregated them and put them in a camp run by a Scottish officer about five foot three inches tall.

Having run a country and had the power of life or death in their little fingers, the SS had deluded themselves that they were entitled to be called soldiers. They took immense pleasure in throwing up vigorous British salutes at the little captain.

So he issued an order that only soldiers could salute him, and that confused the SS, the Gestapo and the other riff-raff. Then an edict was issued to the effect that military discipline in the camp no longer applied. There would be no meals served at regular hours in the mess, no parades, no bull at all. Within a month, those amateur executioners were shuffling about like zombies, broken.

Then we got to work on them."

"What happened to them eventually?" Bertenshaw asked.

"I think we erased them." /continued overleaf

"Sometimes I feel that, in a certain situation and with certain stimuli, any human being is capable of the sort of cruelty they committed. Although personally I can't imagine myself being able to."

"Then you shouldn't be in the Army, old man."

"I can't imagine that I would have to carry out SS-like activities in the British Army."

"You wouldn't. Because you aren't an SS-type man. You couldn't take pleasure in cruelty; it wouldn't compensate for a lack in you. You're a complete human being, but they weren't. They were mad, the whole of Germany was as mad as America would have been if Al Capone had been elected President, with Buggsy Siegel Minister of the Interior, Dutch Schultz Secretary of State, and Pretty Boy Floyd as Treasurer."

"To revert to what you were saying: You couldn't imagine yourself doing as they did. But you could do the same sort of thing as they did, given, as you said, sufficient stimuli."

"I hope I never have to find out what depths I am capable of," said Bertenshaw, still, half-way through his short service commission, something of an idealist.

"I hope you don't. It can be a disquieting thing, to be shocked by one's own humanity."

Bertenshaw said nothing; Clijton relit his pipe. The CO prepared to issue orders transferring the battalion to Malaysia.

Corporal Black was a large and savage man, Private Nunn was thin and self-deprecatory. Black had been born in Tiger Bay, and had a Welsh accent of bitter music. Nunn was from Newcastle. Private Raft, "Floater" to his friends, was a plump and amiable man from North London. They were Lieutenant Bertenshaw's companions in the helicopter which bounced over the secretive tree-tops, locked forever in steam-sealed collusion.

The helicopter was heading for a part of the forest in which suspected Indonesian commandos were making a brief bid for an undefined glory, a fame past imagining in the hearts of their countrymen, before almost inevitable capture or extinction.

"Don't forget, to us their deaths may seem pointless, but to them they're damned significant," the Colonel back at base had said. "They think they're fighting for some political Holy Grail. They don't realise that, owing this country nothing, they can't expect to receive anything. Except a bullet in the guts."

Still, we've a suspicion that they're trying to be a little more professional; in fact, we've an unpleasant idea that, among other capers, they may be trying to smuggle in Robert Li. Here is his photograph."

The Colonel held up the yellow face set in a glossy and rather sepia sheet; it was slightly out of focus. "This fellow is not only an expert agitator, but is just as competent in the field of assassination. I doubt if the Tunku would welcome him as an immigrant."

Possibly. Bertenshaw thought forcing

thoughts through the thick and incessant swish of the rotor just above his head, Robert Li is down there now. And if he is, how the hell are we going to get him? Easier to find a man among a million people than among a million trees.

"Christ, it's hot," shouted Raft.

"Did you expect it to be bloody cold, you fool?" roared Corporal Black. "My God man, but you say some obvious things."

"Perhaps he were just trying to express himself," murmured Nunn, but the engines swamped his voice and it was too hot to shout, even for Corporal Black, who shaded his eyes and peered down at the unrevealing trees.

"There you are, that's where we're going to put down," and Bertenshaw followed the pilot's stubby finger to a gap in the forest about a mile ahead.

The helicopter dropped like a shot grouse, steadied, and touched lightly in the clearing.

Bertenshaw found himself being saluted by a Sergeant. "Sergeant Spice reporting, Sir. If you'll follow me, I'll show you the way to camp."

"Thank you, Sergeant." Bertenshaw's men fell in and followed him along a track to a Dyak village. "We live in luxury here, Sir—first time we've had a proper roof over our heads in weeks," said the Sergeant, leading Bertenshaw into the Long House. He found a space had been partitioned off for him, and was grateful for the small privacy.

"News came through from a Navy patrol boat last night, Sir. They found three Indo junks and sank them, but there was another boat on their scanners which they didn't find. It's possible that it was friendly, but it's just as possible it was an enemy."

"Thank you, Sergeant. In that case, we'd better get started at once."

An hour later, Bertenshaw felt as though he had never been born. He was in a womb of deepest green, nurtured by sun-blood, pulsing all about him.

He did not belong to himself; all thought was quenched. He was scarcely shocked when he saw the body.

Death and Bertenshaw were strangers. Once, when a child, he had been permitted by some soldiers as a "special treat" to look at the split bodies of two German aircrew whose tomb was a blood-splashed Junkers 88 in a field outside Chichester. He could scarcely remember what death had looked like, but the smell of the Junkers' paint, sweet as ear-wax, he would always remember.

"Pretty sod, eh?" said Corporal Black, but the forest diminished his words. The body rippled gently and Bertenshaw was swiftly aware that it was pillowed on ants, busily exploring, plundering every pathetically melted orifice, creating new ones. The body lacked a head.

"Dyaks," said the Sergeant, useful with a kris. Don't reckon it happened more than an hour ago, Sir, otherwise there'd only be a skeleton."

Bertenshaw became aware of danger. This awareness was another burden to be

borne with the heat. Somehow it seemed to stimulate him; strangely, where death was, there also was a sense of purpose. He and his men were in the forest because death was in the forest. Death had landed from a little boat and at last in the body in front of him he had met death.

"Spread out!" he ordered urgently. "Black, Nunn—with me. Sergeant, you take the others. You quarter the area from north to south, we'll take it west to east. Say over two square miles. Try not to kill any infiltrators—they'll be much more valuable if they're alive to give us information." That is the value of a life, he thought, that it should be lived for us, for what it can tell us. Not because it is a human being, relishing the days, moved by the sun setting.

He, Black, Nunn and Raft hacked at impeding vines; if it weren't for this urgency of death, would we ever be able to stand still in this heat, let alone move through it? When walking across the Sussex downs he had when a boy feared to step on an adder; here, under his light jungle boots, far more deadly things might be waiting, but they were of no consequence, they were not the enemy. The enemy was a shadow with a gun, a flicker behind a tree, a smile beside a trigger.

Death seemed to be nearer. Bertenshaw waved his men to a halt. He peered round him, but saw nothing but green, the trees heaving with green breath.

On his belly now crept Bertenshaw, warrior Bertenshaw, no longer a man but a snake in search of death, the gift of eternity so much more comforting to give than to receive.

In front of him, not more than a few yards away, Bertenshaw saw a boot. Above the boot, a delicately poised shin, a knee slowly, imperceptibly descending, folding like a golden-bladed jack-knife to bring the rifle into position, patiently approaching its aiming-point at Bertenshaw's scalp.

Bertenshaw could not risk being seen; he thrust his revolver forward and fired twice at each knee. His victim, not known before, but now so close to Bertenshaw, part of him—fat-faced brown baby in the cradle, trusting hand on his on the way to the circus, well done at school, Mohammed, darling son of mine—this victim screamed briefly, like a macaw on casual wings, became entirely a jack-knife, folding neatly, holed in each knee-cap, agony unbounded, and lay on the teeming ground.

Unable to stop himself—what do you do when you see a dog just run over, a mortally wounded cat?—Bertenshaw fired again, at the contorted brown face, and the guerilla lay without movement.

"That's the way to treat them, then," Black said. "That was a good piece of shooting, Sir."

"Shut up!" Bertenshaw still stared down, at his dead brother, his child. "It was bloody awful shooting, I shouldn't have killed him."

"Probably more about, Sir," Sergeant

"Sometimes I feel that, in a certain situation and with certain stimuli, any human being is capable of the sort of cruelty they committed. Although personally I can't imagine myself being able to."

"Then you shouldn't be in the Army, old man."

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"I hope you don't. It can be a disquieting thing, to be shocked by one's own humanity."

Bertenshaw said nothing; Clipton relit his pipe. The CO prepared to issue orders transferring the battalion to Malaysia.

Corporal Black was a large and savage man, Private Nunn was thin and self-deprecatory. Black had been born in Tiger Bay, and had a Welsh accent of bitter music. Nunn was from Newcastle. Private Raft, "Floater" to his friends, was a plump and amiable man from North London. They were Lieutenant Bertenshaw's companions in the helicopter which bounced over the secretive tree-tops, locked forever in steam-sealed collusion.

The helicopter was heading for a part of the forest in which suspected Indonesian commandos were making a brief bid for an undefined glory, a fame past imagining in the hearts of their countrymen, before almost inevitable capture or extinction.

"Don't forget, to us their deaths may seem pointless, but to them they're damned significant," the Colonel back at base had said. "They think they're fighting for some political Holy Grail. They don't realise that, owing this country nothing, they can't expect to receive anything. Except a bullet in the guts."

Still, we've a suspicion that they're trying to be a little more professional; in fact, we've an unpleasant idea that, among other capers, they may be trying to smuggle in Robert Li. Here is his photograph."

The Colonel held up the yellow face set in a glossy and rather sepia sheet; it was slightly out of focus. "This fellow is not only an expert agitator, but is just as competent in the field of assassination. I doubt if the Tunku would welcome him as an immigrant."

Possibly, Bertenshaw thought, forcing

thoughts through the thick and incessant swish of the rotor just above his head, Robert Li is down there now. And if he is, how the hell are we going to get him? Easier to find a man among a million people than among a million trees.

"Christ, it's hot," shouted Raft.

"Did you expect it to be bloody cold, you fool?" roared Corporal Black. "My God man, but you say some obvious things."

"Perhaps he were just trying to express himself," murmured Nunn, but the engines swamped his voice and it was too hot to shout, even for Corporal Black, who shaded his eyes and peered down at the unrevealing trees.

"There you are, that's where we're going to put down," and Bertenshaw followed the pilot's stubby finger to a gap in the forest about a mile ahead.

The helicopter dropped like a shot grouse, steadied, and touched lightly in the clearing.

Bertenshaw found himself being saluted by a Sergeant. "Sergeant Spice reporting, Sir. If you'll follow me, I'll show you the way to camp."

"Thank you, Sergeant." Bertenshaw's men fell in and followed him along a track to a Dyak village. "We live in luxury here, Sir—first time we've had a proper roof over our heads in weeks," said the Sergeant, leading Bertenshaw into the Long House. He found a space had been partitioned off for him, and was grateful for the small privacy.

"News came through from a Navy patrol boat last night, Sir. They found three Indo junks and sank them, but there was another boat on their scanners which they didn't find. It's possible that it was friendly, but it's just as possible it was an enemy."

"Thank you, Sergeant. In that case, we'd better get started at once."

An hour later, Bertenshaw felt as though he had never been born. He was in a womb of deepest green, nurtured by sun-blood, pulsing all about him.

He did not belong to himself; all thought was quenched. He was scarcely shocked when he saw the body.

Death and Bertenshaw were strangers. Once, when a child, he had been permitted by some soldiers as a "special treat" to look at the split bodies of two German aircrew whose tomb was a blood-splashed Junkers 88 in a field outside Chichester. He could scarcely remember what death had looked like, but the smell of the Junkers' paint, sweet as ear-wax, he would always remember.

"Pretty sod, eh?" said Corporal Black, but the forest diminished his words. The body rippled gently and Bertenshaw was swiftly aware that it was pillowed on ants, busily exploring, plundering every pathetically melted orifice, creating new ones. The body lacked a head.

"Dyaks," said the Sergeant, useful with a kris. Don't reckon it happened more than an hour ago, Sir, otherwise there'd only be a skeleton."

Bertenshaw became aware of danger. This awareness was another burden, to be

borne with the heat. Somehow it seemed to stimulate him; strangely, where death was, there also was a sense of purpose. He and his men were in the forest because death was in the forest. Death had landed from a little boat and at last in the body in front of him he had met death.

"Spread out!" he ordered urgently. "Black, Nunn—with me. Sergeant, you take the others. You quarter the area from north to south, we'll take it west to east. Say over two square miles. Try not to kill any infiltrators—they'll be much more valuable if they're alive to give us information." That is the value of a life, he thought, that it should be lived for us, for what it can tell us. Not because it is a human being, relishing the days, moved by the sun setting.

He, Black, Nunn and Raft hacked at impeding vines; if it weren't for this urgency of death, would we ever be able to stand still in this heat, let alone move through it? When walking across the Sussex downs he had when a boy feared to step on an adder; here, under his light jungle boots, far more deadly things might be waiting, but they were of no consequence, they were not the enemy. The enemy was a shadow with a gun, a flicker behind a tree, a smile beside a trigger.

Death seemed to be nearer. Bertenshaw waved his men to a halt. He peered round him, but saw nothing but green, the trees heaving with green breath.

On his belly now crept Bertenshaw, warrior Bertenshaw, no longer a man but a snake in search of death, the gift of eternity so much more comforting to give than to receive.

In front of him, not more than a few yards away, Bertenshaw saw a boot. Above the boot, a delicately poised shin, a knee slowly, imperceptibly descending, folding like a golden-bladed jack-knife to bring the rifle into position, patiently approaching its aiming-point at Bertenshaw's scalp.

Bertenshaw could not risk being seen; he thrust his revolver forward and fired twice at each knee. His victim, not known before, but now so close to Bertenshaw, part of him—fat-faced brown baby in the cradle, trusting hand on his on the way to the circus, well done at school, Mohammed, darling son of mine—this victim screamed briefly, like a macaw on casual wings, became entirely a jack-knife, folding neatly, holed in each knee-cap, agony unbounded, and lay on the teeming ground.

Unable to stop himself—what do you do when you see a dog just run over, a mortally wounded cat?—Bertenshaw fired again, at the contorted brown face, and the guerilla lay without movement.

"That's the way to treat them, then," Black said. "That was a good piece of shooting, Sir."

"Shut up!" Bertenshaw still stared down, at his dead brother, his child. "It was bloody awful shooting, I shouldn't have killed him."

"Probably more about, Sir," Sergeant Spice said. *[continued on page 56]*



A Sick Parable in One Act/by Norman Thaddeus Vane

TAKE TWO

JACOPETTI CHARGED. Reports from Rome are that in his absence, producer of the 'Mondo Cane' films, Gualtiero Jacopetti, has been charged with 'voluntary triple homicide'. It is alleged that he allowed a group of Congo rebels to be shot down for the benefit of his film team. The film, I am told, has not yet been commercially used. The formal proceedings are to decide whether or not to proceed with a trial! 'Films and Filming', June, 1965.



POLITICAL AFRICA. A JUNGLE CLEARING. Tropical bushes and the sound of distant drums. At OPEN we find two SOLDIERS, mercenaries, with sub-machine guns hunting for natives. In wander two weary T.V. newsreel men, CHARLES, the Director and Cameraman of the unit, and PETER, a technician. CHARLES carries a 16 mm. camera on a tripod and PETER, a portable tape recorder strapped to his back. They are both *terribly* non-commercial.

CHARLES: Excuse, me, chaps, have you seen any dead natives around here? (*The SOLDIERS stare blankly at them.*) We're T.V. Reelnews, looking for horrible sights.

PETER: You know, mangled bodies and things. Natives.

1ST SOLDIER: We shot three or four at the last village.

PETER (*very interested*): Women? Children?

1ST SOLDIER: Oui.

2ND SOLDIER (*nodding*): Ja.

CHARLES (*to PETER*): Shall we go take a look in the jeep? We don't have any family groups yet.

1ST SOLDIER: Bodies gone.

PETER (*very disappointed*): Gone?

1ST SOLDIER: Red Cross.

PETER (*furiously*): They had no right to move the bodies before they're photographed. That was clearly agreed.

CHARLES (*he stares at the 2ND SOLDIER a moment, puts down the camera, decides to be friendly*): Cigarette? English.

1ST SOLDIER (*taking one*): Oui

CHARLES (*lighting it*): French?

1ST SOLDIER: Me Belgique, him Dutch.



CHARLES: U.N.?

1ST SOLDIER: Non. U.N. rotten pay.

CHARLES (*he takes PETER aside*): I say—(*they hold a whispered conversation, PETER nodding his head in agreement*). Uh, look chaps we have to get some pictures. Very important. Our assignment, compris? Deadline tomorrow. Must have pictures of natives being killed or lose job on T.V.

1ST SOLDIER: So?

CHARLES: Well, it occurred to us that—uh, if we follow you around—when you see a native you want to machine-gun—we can photograph it, see?

PETER: On-the-spot-action pictures. Very real, very touching. Much sympathy for dead natives, see?

CHARLES: I mean, look—it doesn't make any difference to you chaps, does it? You have to kill them anyway, don't you?

1ST SOLDIER: Oui. Excuse me. (*He takes the 2ND SOLDIER aside and they hold a whispered conversation. The Dutch soldier nods in agreement.*)

2ND SOLDIER: How much you pay?

CHARLES: How much we pay? Well, uh—the company doesn't pay very well.

PETER: Oh, I think we could rake up £5 out of petty cash.

1ST SOLDIER: £10 each native.

CHARLES: OK, then.

2ND SOLDIER: Two native farmers in that field now.

CHARLES: Really?

PETER: The light's terribly good here. Can we have a look at them?

2ND SOLDIER: Ja. (*He goes at once.*)

CHARLES: Right! (*He starts setting up the camera, PETER takes off his tape recorder and adjusts a microphone on the end of a boom. The 1ST SOLDIER takes off his sub-machine gun and loads it. Then the 2ND SOLDIER comes back pushing a grinning native.*)

1ST SOLDIER: Him do?

CHARLES: What do you think, PETER?

PETER: He's got a sympathetic face—good type.

CHARLES (*looking at the native through his view finder*): Could you stand him over there?—the light's softer, it'll give the shot a nice lyrical tone.

1ST SOLDIER (*prodding the native with his gun*): Move! (*He pushes him into the light.*)

CHARLES: Super. But he's grinning too much.

1ST SOLDIER (*prodding him with his gun*): Relax, Mon! (*The native cowers, still grinning.*)

PETER: What lens are you using, Charles?

CHARLES: 75

PETER: Better make it 50.

CHARLES: Righto. (*He changes his lenses.*)

PETER: If any enemy aircraft pass over during the shot, I'll keep it in—nice effect.

CHARLES: Well, now—I think we might try something like this. Open on the sub-machine gun. Pan with the SOLDIER moving in on the native, the the SOLDIER fires. Wham! Native drops. Then move in on him clawing the ground, writhing, something like that.

PETER: Do you envision two set-ups, then? There will be more impact if the close-up on the dying native is big.

CHARLES: Oh, I'd rather not use two set-ups. Just move in and hand hold it close to his

face. We can do it in one set-up with a couple of rehearsals. To be on the safe side, we might try it from one or two other angles.

PETER: Righto. I'll check the focus. (*He takes out his tape and measures the distance from the end of the soldier's gun to the camera lens and then to the native's face.*) Splendid.

CHARLES: If you're ready, let's take it.

1ST SOLDIER (*lifting his machine gun into position*): Oui.

CHARLES: Mark it, will you, Peter?

(*PETER starts the tape recorder, and lifts his clapper board in front of the camera lens.*)

PETER: Sound running. This is a T.V.Q. news film, CHARLES HOWATH-HOGG, Camera, PETER BLAKE-HOWELL, Sound. Scene One, Take One!

CHARLES: Ready, action! (*The soldier fires a long burst—the native staggers, still grinning, slumps into a heap, writhes, and then is still.*) Cut! (*A reflective pause.*)

PETER (*unhappily*): Oh, I don't know—that wasn't so hot for me. He staggered away from the mike.

CHARLES: I'm not happy with it either—the pan was too fast—we should have used some make-up on the native, there was surprisingly little blood. Do you suppose we could do it over?

1ST SOLDIER (*to his friend*): Go get other native.

2ND SOLDIER: Ja! (*He runs off.*)

CHARLES: Now don't worry, Peter, I think it's going to be fine. That was just a run through—this time it'll be perfect. You'd better call this new shot—TAKE TWO . . . AS WE FADE OUT.

A FABLE FOR OUR TIME

THE OCTOPUS WHO THOUGHT BIG

by
Jonathan
Clements



THE MOMENT THE FIRST RAYS OF SPRING filtered down into the Atlantic Ocean a rakehell octopus's fancy lightly turned, as it did what e'er the season, to thoughts of easy money. Upon eight spindly tentacles he loped along at a rattling pace on the sea-bed, greed glinting out of his numerous eyes.

"DamnHELL!" yodelled the octopus, as he careered smack into the wreck of the Marie Celeste that loomed up suddenly out of the opaque depths.

"Anybody home?" inquired the octopus, strumming a tentacle on a hold door. A damp silence greeted his inquiry, so with hope in his heart he crept in through a door and peered around in myopic circles; eventually locating a treasure chest; withal he flung up his tentacles in joy, then, upon opening the chest, he flung up his innards in despair, for it contained nought but a hermetic spider drowning his sorrows in hemlock.

"Douse the lights, Louis," groaned the spider, and with an ocean-weary sigh the octopus banged the lid of the chest shut and groped onwards. As he rambled to and fro, looking for the exit sign, a porpoise floated by him, with a contented smile on its face, unwittingly planting the seed of an idea in the octopus's commercial mind.

"Luxury Cruises around the ocean bed!" he cried. "They won't have to move a fin. Beguiled by the comforts and delights of the Marie Celeste, the tourists will shell out their all, and I'll be able to retreat beneath a veritable stack."

On tentacles of fire the octopus whizzed about his work, painting the wreck a bright holiday colour, printing millions of handbills and brochures with his own built-in inky

fluid, advertising the forthcoming cruise by way of underwater radio, newspapers, and, naturally, aquavision.

"Here's a Cruise that's News!" crooned the octopus from the silver screen. "Why not grab the chance to loll around in unheard-of luxury, whilst the Marie Celeste takes you for a honey-smooth trip through the fabulous waters of the Orient, through the translucent Bahama seas. . . ."

"O impending bliss," chorused the susceptible viewers. "A break from it all, a cure from rheumatism."

The bookings for the cruise soared in daily, and the octopus, gold-driven to the end, further boosted his profits by creating an insurance company for the convenience of his clients. "Insure heavily," he advised them. "Stormtossed seas are forecast; you don't want to leave your dependents penniless. . . ."

Darkly dawned the morn when the Marie Celeste was scheduled to sail; the seaweed flapped silently in sinister shapes, the water became grim and forboding and thick with frolicking sharks.

"Ready, folks?" called the octopus, flippantly ringing eight bells. Two by two the creatures of the deep swam aboard; the hundreds of fish, incongruously clad in beachwear and sun-glasses; the eels and the shrimps followed, likewise the crabs and the high-laughing jellyfish. On and up they all did float, unconsciously enacting an underwater version of the loading of the Ark. After the last passenger had entered the ship, the octopus gave an improbable cackle and slammed the bolts shut.

"Little do they know the only trip they're taking is one to the bone orchard," boomed

a melodramatic thought bubble from the octopus's slimy head, as he swiftly traversed the Marie Celeste, stopping at each port-hole to playfully wedge a stick of dynamite therein. Then he placed barrels of gunpowder and T.N.T. at strategic intervals about the deck, winding from each a long length of fuse wire, and then retired to a safe distance.

"There'll be no complaints from this lot," chuckled the octopus, striking a match to ignite the fuse wire.

"Psssssst," said the match.

"Pardon?" said the octopus, quivering some.

"Psssssst," repeated the next fifty one matches, for they knew, better than anybody else, that matches just don't light under water.

"All is lost!" wailed the octopus, as he beheld the passengers of the Marie Celeste drumming angrily on the portholes, climbing out of their aquatic prison and swimming frantically towards him.

With an unprecedented whoosh! of tentacles the octopus was off, flailing through the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to escape from the bloodthirsty mob, finally coming to rest in the Arctic Ocean, where he stopped, and immediately froze solid, and was much enjoyed by the Polar bears and seals, who were getting tired of tuna fish for a main meal anyway.

MORAL: *You can con the birds out of trees and the fish out of water, But you can't make a match do more than it oughta.*





PENTHOUSE PEOPLE

PETER OWEN - *angry young publisher*

Peter Owen is to publishing, what John Osborne used to be to the theatre. He is a rebel with an idealistic clause inherent in every contract and an option to pursue the Traditional to death. The oldie houses regard him as an upstart with a vengeance.

Starting fourteen years ago with a few shillings and a wicked gleam of idealism in his eye, he has made hay where the sun refused to shine. "He who compromises, is compromised," has been Owen's credo and he has stuck to it like molasses in January. Owen has persisted on merit over might, quality over the commercial. His books have painstakingly created their own audience as well as cultivating their own critics. To have great poets, you must have great audiences too. Chief resistance has always been the book buyers themselves, a pack of sheep that would rather graze on arid pastures than chase the wolves.

If anything, Owen is a latter-day Maxwell Perkins who is prepared to transfuse his own tears, sweat and blood into his authors. It is a long and lonely task ego-feeding writers until their talents mature. This often calls for a write-off on the first two or three deliveries before demand supersedes the supply. It involves the publisher taking on all the roles at once of mother-editor and father-confessor. His relationship with his writers, in a sense, is more than merely contractual, they are literary marriages that even death and the critics cannot part.

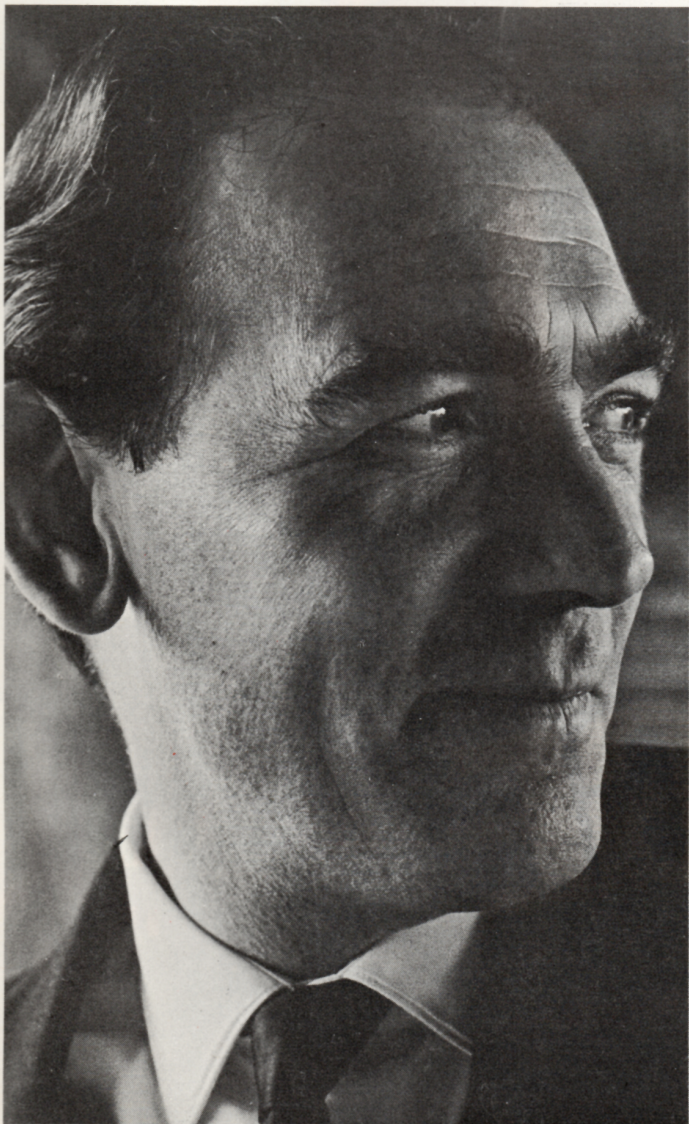
His publishing house is not a home, but has harboured the nucleus high brow and intellectual élite of the world's literary scene. Their voices ring with a clean clarion roll call. For example, the literary cannonade includes: Hermann Hesse, Muriel Spark, Boris Pasternak, Ezra Pound, Cesare Pavese, Edith Sitwell, Marc Chagall, Anais Nin, James Agee, Jean Cocteau, Paul Bowles, Paul Klee, Max Weber, Sartre, and Violette Leduc.

Speaking of the latter, if according to Eliot, April is the cruellest month, then October should be the "gayest." "The Bastard" by Madame Leduc created a great furore in France where it sold over 140,000 copies and was praised by Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Camus, Cocteau and Genet. It is the autobiography of a bisexual woman whose relationship with her female lovers is sadistic and groovy.

If giants are to walk the English literary scene again they will need the kind of support offered by Owen's off-beat approach to publishing. Talent desperately needs momentum as well as time to find its own natural outlets. Few publishers today are hip enough to belabour their authors with love before even the most fertile of them can reasonably give birth. How else can we beget les enfants terrible?



(above left), Peter Owen



(left), John Gardner

JOHN GARDNER - thriller spiller

Caught in the throes of the idealist in conflict with himself and his God, John Gardner took off the robes of an Anglican Priest forever five years ago to hack a greater loving out of literature. Unable to face the un-reality of a God-less priest, the indecisive Gardner turned to drink with a self-destructive vengeance. What emerged from this web of his own weaving was a novel, "Spin the Bottle" that probed his soul with unabashed concern. The bottle not only spun full circle, but it carried Gardner with it. An adjustment had to be made—personal, poignant, subjective, unequivocal and commercial as hell. Nothing succeeds half as much as success.

Filling in the ensuing years as theatre critic on the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald* was an easy truce for the novelist imbedded under the skin. When the cocoon of creativity opened, the chrysalis produced was a curious product of Gardner's ménage-of-contradictions.

The untimely death of Ian Fleming left the throne of anti-spy heroes empty. Many were called, but only few have been chosen. John Gardner's knock was the firstest and the loudest. Soon to follow was the comforting roar of the MGM lion.

Boysie Oakes, Gardner's anti-hero of "The Liquidator" was fed grimly in sex gruelling weeks into a steaming typewriter. MGM figured they could do anything that Harry Salzman could do, and took up a six-book film contract. "Understrike" is the equal-sequel just published, and "Amber Nine" is in the creative re-print mill of Gardner's typewriter now.

Gardner pre-tests his dialogue on a tape before committing it to posterity in print. He does three or four drafts, over-writing and cutting down to sparse pungent prose. In "The Liquidator" his character Boysie Oakes, by an error of judgement, is imagined to be a psychopathic killer, but is in reality a coward who couldn't step on a Japanese beetle on Pearl Harbour Day and sub-contracts his dirty work to a little man called Griffin. His work appeals to "that little dark bit in the corner of all our minds, next to the cosmic thing."

"Amber Nine" says Gardner, "is a black comedy on international politics set in a girls' finishing school in Switzerland, where all the girls wear black leather suits. It also involves an Indian killer dwarf." Naturally, naturally...

When changing gear, whether you go from vintage cars to Maseratis, from classic sportswear to the lapel-edge of contemporary elegance, the traditional bridging factors remain preparedness and good taste. The shift in seasonal moods, especially when unpredictable Autumn makes its first appearance, may be abrupt and decisive. Warm, sunny afternoons, drowned in a shower of hail; cool nights desolving into inexplicably hot days necessitate a comprehensive wardrobe—and any gent worth his sartorial salt will be prepared for the worst—with the best.

CHANGE UP

by Mike Ward



The jacket story in 1965 has been one of continual change. For spring the conventional blazer and sports coat had to take second place to the madras cotton jackets which suddenly became the Number-One Fashion favourite (see PENTHOUSE last month).

For the Autumn (be prepared) suede will be the big story. A large number of Swedish manufacturers are producing jackets in suede in styles to suit British tastes and combining the British desire for practicality. Top fashion colour is brown.

The suede jacket shown left in light or dark brown has a long, clean "uncluttered" line at the front with just two patch pockets. The full-length zip makes a warm, snug garment ideal for motoring. The epaulets emphasise the present

"military" style (see PENTHOUSE No. 2). (Approximately 25 gns), available September from, Austin Reed Boutique, Regent Street, and Rackhams Ltd., Birmingham.

She wears Spanish poncho in heavy knit wool (11 gns) from Paula's Boutique, 2 Craven Terrace, W.2 and Marie José, Leamington Spa.

"Instant Slacks"

If you should be in need of instant Mediterranean inspired slacks (and that is a story in itself), you can have them made at the Cecil Gee Boutique, 78 Shaftesbury Avenue, using their new "same day" tailoring service. It works on a basis of measured at 10 a.m. ready at 5 p.m. and they will make any style and in any material you request.

This should be a boon to out-of-town visitors.

1901 Panhard-Levassor loaned by kind permission of Modern Cars and Caravans Ltd.
1965 Maserati Mistrale courtesy of Maserati Concession Ltd.





Casual sweater shirts were once considered a summer-only garment, but no more. They are an ideal replacement for shirt and tie for lounging around and cool and comfortable for motoring,—tastefully adaptable to all seasons and all moods.

Leaders of world styling in this field are the Italians and for the Autumn, Mediterranean inspired stripes are the big news. This particularly "cool" garment (opposite page) in brown, white and black, (6 gns.) at all branches of Cecil Gee Ltd.

Italian casual shirt (below left) in, 100% cotton, (£7-19s-6d) at all branches of Cecil Gee Ltd.

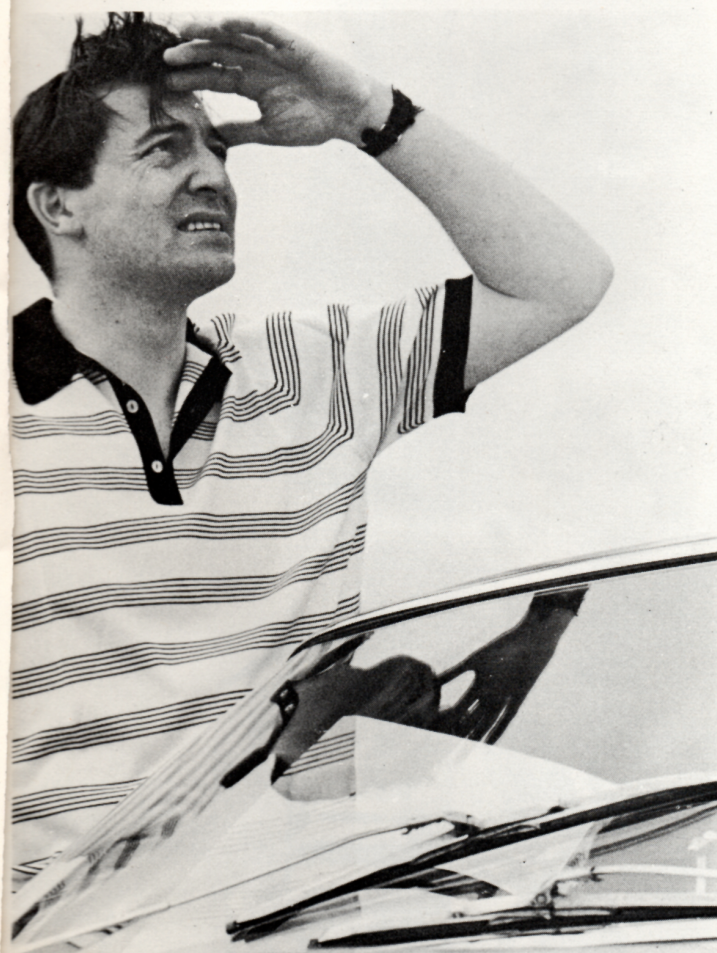
The sheer multi-seasonal practicality of the leather jacket (left) accounts for its popularity as motoring gear. This one, in classic three-button style, is available in a range of colours from John Stephen, Carnaby Street, W.1 (18 gns). Shirt by Arrow (39/6), madras cotton tie (8/6) by Craig Mill, Bristol.

Looking Ahead

The "In" shade for the sophisticated male for spring 1966 will be khaki. This colour should be particularly elegant for slacks teamed with the '66 stable of Madras cotton jackets.

Twenty-nine-year-old PENTHOUSE personality, Jon Laurimore, appearing as our guest in this month's fashion feature, was trained as a farmer, encouraged as an artist by Augustus John, and wound up working as an actor by accident. In an effort to save up enough money to buy his own farm, Laurimore took a job at the Guildford Repertory Theatre and entered the stage by the proverbial back door. A series of inconsequential successes gave him a taste for the real thing, kindled his ambition and sent him back into a period of serious study.

Over the last two years he has appeared at the Liverpool Playhouse and the Bristol Old Vic, toured with the latter through India, Pakistan and Ceylon, and just recently turned down an important T.V. engagement to understudy Peter O'Toole in "Ride a Cock Horse." He has appeared in such films as "League of Gentlemen," "No Love for Johnny" and "The Rough and the Smooth". West End theatre performances include parts in "The Tenth Man," "A Lodging for a Bride" and "Return to Mirredal" along with "Happy End" and "Miniatures" at the Royal Court Theatre.







The increasing popularity of ski-ing for holidays and also as a year-round sport is beginning to reflect itself in men's clothes. This raincoat (opposite page and left), by Jupiter, has detachable (and washable) all-wool lining which ensures amazing warmth. The inside cuffs are elasticated, and the hood can be drawn up tightly against the elements. It has two vertical pockets and two front patch pockets. Despite the practical aspects for which it has been designed, this is a particularly smart garment with a clean-looking fly front. (Approximately 25 gns) Available September from: Mr Marc, Heath Street, Hampstead; Peter Goodfellow, Park Lane, W.1, and Adam, Kingly Street, W.1.

Suit styles for the Autumn favour jackets cut high at the neck. This will take the form of either high-bottomed double-breasted suits with six or eight buttons, or single-breasted suits with the "stand away" military collar.

Trousers, remain slim, cut from the thigh and are given added line with raised seams. The style shown here (below) has four-button jacket with Prussian collar in 100% worsted. (30 gns). The shirt is cotton (4 gns), both from John Michael, 106 King's Road, S.W.3.

The tie is made of knitted angora wool and is one of the range of exclusive ties by Pauline Fordham at Palisades, Ganton Street, W.1.



The Interrogation

continued from page 42/ He seemed almost embarrassed, what were two knees when information was in question?

"I hope so, Sergeant. We want them alive."

"Still, Sir, a dead Indo's one less to worry about, isn't it?"

Bertenshaw did not answer Black; they resumed their hunt. Again, Bertenshaw sensed danger, again he and the men halted, dropped to their bellies.

There was a light movement above, the movement of a bird's wing, a squirrel's scramble, followed by an explosion which echoed in the death-cough of Private Nunn.

The Sergeant fired upwards into the screening leaves; there was a cry, and the sniper fell, slowly circling, to be caught by Corporal Black and Bertenshaw.

Braced for a heavy weight, they staggered, for the sniper was light. Bertenshaw again felt a strange, indefinable embarrassment, for the sniper was a girl.

"You murderous little piece of crumpet," growled Black, "it would give me great pleasure to—"

"That's enough, Corporal." The girl hissed like a cobra. Blood ran from her foot. "Look at her foot, Raft—bandage it up, will you."

"Yes, Sir." Raft knelt. "You killed my mate," he said softly. "You killed my mate."

"I am glad," said the girl. "One Englishman less left to fight." Raft's hands paused; he went on with the bandaging.

"Let me at her, Sir," begged Black. "I'll teach her."

"You're not an SS trooper," said Bertenshaw. "There's no question of 'teaching' her."

"Gentleman," sneered the girl. "I have heard that English officers are gentlemen, but I do not believe it is really true. You have no right to be a gentleman. You are fighting a war."

"War may have its rules, but so have we." Bertenshaw thought he sounded like a prig. Perhaps it was better to have no rules, to train oneself to regret nothing performed in the cause of war.

Raft finished bandaging the girl's foot; she limped a few paces.

"Cut a couple of sticks for her, Raft." The girl leaned on her primitive crutches.

"Take her back to base, Corporal, and see that she gets there safely. We'll go on, Sergeant."

"You won't find anything," the girl said. "There is nothing else to find. You killed my comrade, later you will kill me."

"We shan't kill you," Bertenshaw said. "We just want to question you, after which you'll be sent to a base interrogator, then to a prisoner-of-war camp."

"Why question me? I have nothing to say to you."

"Possibly not, but it's my job to find out."

"You will find nothing out. There is nothing to find out."

"Take her away, Corporal."

The girl and Black disappeared amidst the vines; they were still within hearing distance when the girl screamed.

"My God, I shouldn't have trusted Black," grunted Bertenshaw, as he and the Sergeant stumbled in the direction the Corporal had taken. "I'll have him stripped to Private." They panted into a small clearing. The girl was bent over, her arm twisted behind her back.

"Corporal! Let her go! I ordered you—"

"Sir, I was obeying your orders, but she tried to swallow this. I thought I had better hold her whilst I had a look at it, Sir. But it's in Indo!"

The girl moaned softly as Bertenshaw took a small, sweat-soaked dictionary from his pocket. "This isn't much help—we'll have to send it back to Base to get it deciphered."

"Excuse me, Sir, I've learned a little Indo," said Sergeant Spice. He took the paper and studied it. "Something about Mission Heron—I think—Commando Six, Land Hero. Object internal destruction Federation of Malaysian Republics."

"So," said Bertenshaw. "Let her up, Corporal." The girl stood slowly upright, rubbing her arm slowly, not wanting to admit pain. She was, Bertenshaw thought, remarkably attractive; he saw himself escorting her into a tea-house, a reasonably pleasant young man with a charming girl on his arm and laughter in his heart.

"Who is Hero?" he asked.

"Any Indonesian who strikes a blow for his country is a hero."

The cheap dramatic statement had for Bertenshaw a tinsel pathos. The girl had been moulded into a duplicating machine, where thoughts were merely words.

"Is Hero Robert Li?" he asked. In the second before the girl's fluent denial, he knew he had hit the truth. There would be no time to send her back to base for expert interrogation by the gentle, suave, undefeatable professional in Intelligence. News of Robert Li was of immediate importance, front-line interrogation had been authorised.

"I'll twist her arm again, Sir—she'll talk."

"I don't think you will, Corporal. We'll return to camp now."

My God, I hope she talks easily. My God, I hope I don't have to hurt her."

The girl stood with her back to the wall in Bertenshaw's cubby-hole in the Long House. She stood with the rough ends of severed sticks in her sculptured and hairless arm-pits, rigid with suspicion and expectancy.

Bertenshaw faced her, a table between them. He held out a cigarette.

"I would not take a cigarette from you if you went on your knees and begged me to."

"Very well, I have no intention of doing that." Bertenshaw put the cigarettes on the table. Now, when did you come ashore?"

"Find out."

"I am trying to." He took a deep breath. The room was stifling, the cry of insects besieged the night. "Where did you come ashore?"

"Find out."

"Where is Robert Li?"

"I do not know what you are talking about."

"When did you land?"

The girl said nothing. A sense of futility seeped into Bertenshaw.

"You must answer my questions. I would much rather we were at peace, so that instead of interrogating you I could be taking you to a tea-house, or—"

"Perhaps I will come to a tea-house with you, if you come over to our side, Imperialist."

"Where is Robert Li now?"

"You can go on asking all night, I shall not have anything to say."

The girl had relaxed, her back no longer braced, the ends of the sticks deeper in her arm-pits. Bertenshaw felt a sympathy with her, a deep dislike of himself. It was so difficult to regard her as an enemy, it was yielding the right to politics to assume more importance than humanity.

Suddenly he felt irritated. "For God's sake talk," he said. "Talk and then we can stop sparring. I don't hate you, and I don't believe you really hate me."

"How you are wrong. Of course I hate you." The girl leaned forward, saliva in the light of the lantern set on the floor in the corner of the room a rainbow at her lips.

"I hate you and all you stand for."

"What do I stand for?"

"Oppression."

"And you?"

"I am a liberator."

"Whom are you trying to liberate? People who regard your country as an enemy? Why can't you think, why must you just mouth other people's idiocies?"

The girl said nothing. Bertenshaw became miserably aware that his interrogation had swerved on to the wrong lines. The would-be converter can all too easily lose control to the hoped-for converted. He must regain command of the interrogation and maintain it, he must play the Inquisition to the girl's heretic.

"When did you land?" he asked again, abruptly. The game was getting on his nerves; he was so evidently inadequate.

"Go to hell," said the girl.

"Look," said Bertenshaw, "you'll tell me in the end. Why not save a lot of time and trouble and talk now?"

"I will never talk," said the girl.

"You cannot make me. Even if you used Nazi methods, I would not talk."

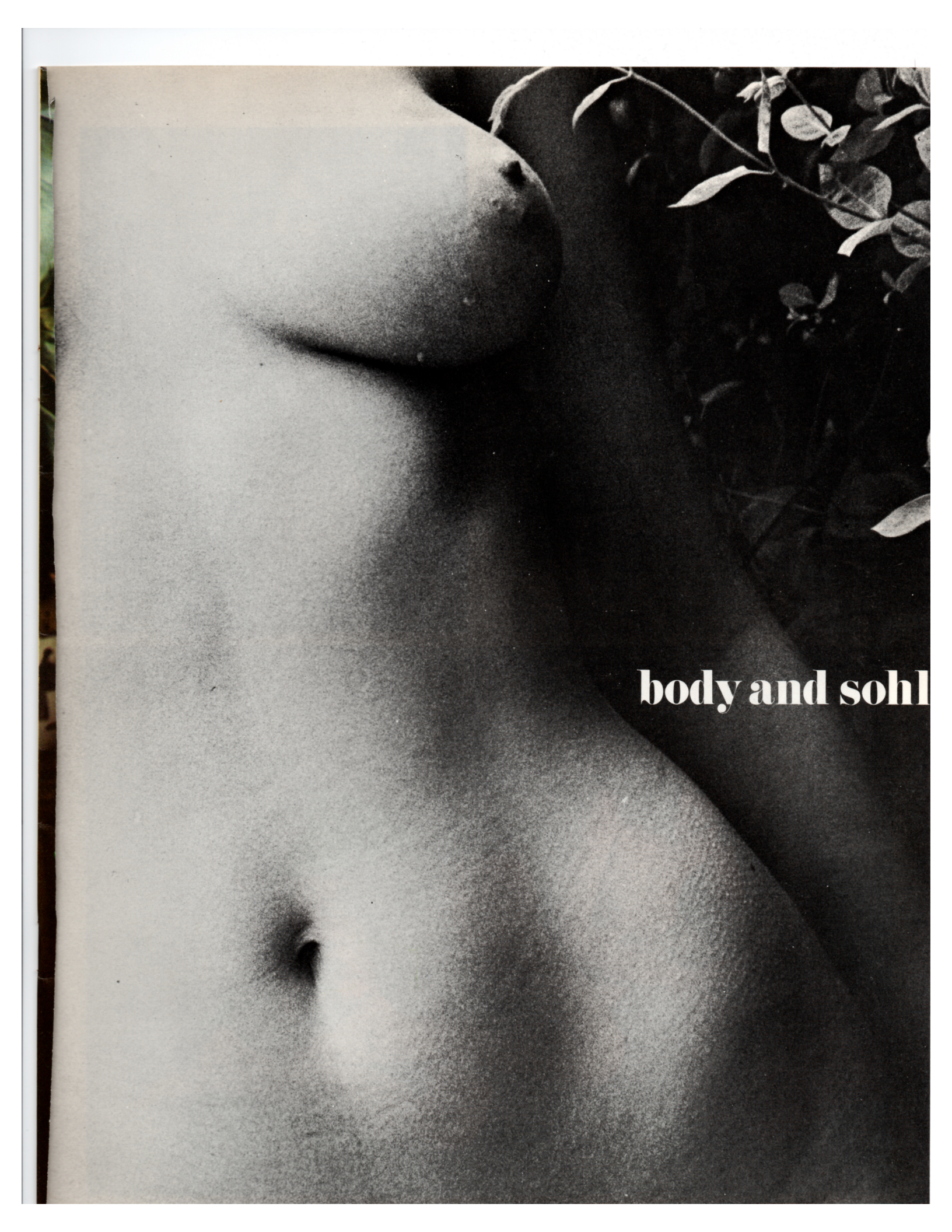
"You told me I couldn't afford to be a gentleman when fighting a war."

The girl braced herself against the wall once more. "And you are going to use that as an excuse to use Nazi methods."

"I should hate to use Nazi methods. Although 'God knows' your own people can be as cruel as hell. I've seen the results of what they've done to prisoners."

"You are building up an excuse to torture me." The girl was tense, her black eyes dared him in the lantern-light.

(continued on page 72)

A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a person's torso and arm. The person's skin is light-toned and appears soft. A breast is visible in the upper left, and an arm curves down towards the right. The background is dark and filled with the silhouettes of leaves and branches. The text "body and sohl" is printed in a white, serif font on the right side of the image.

body and sohl

THOUGH RAVEN-HAIRED LILA SOHL HAS ASSETS OF A particularly obvious and notable nature they tend to detract—according to her own prognosis—from the more spiritual and creative aspects of her ability as an actress. Her greatest fear (much to our insensitive delight) is that the purely physical woman cannot be taken seriously as an actress.

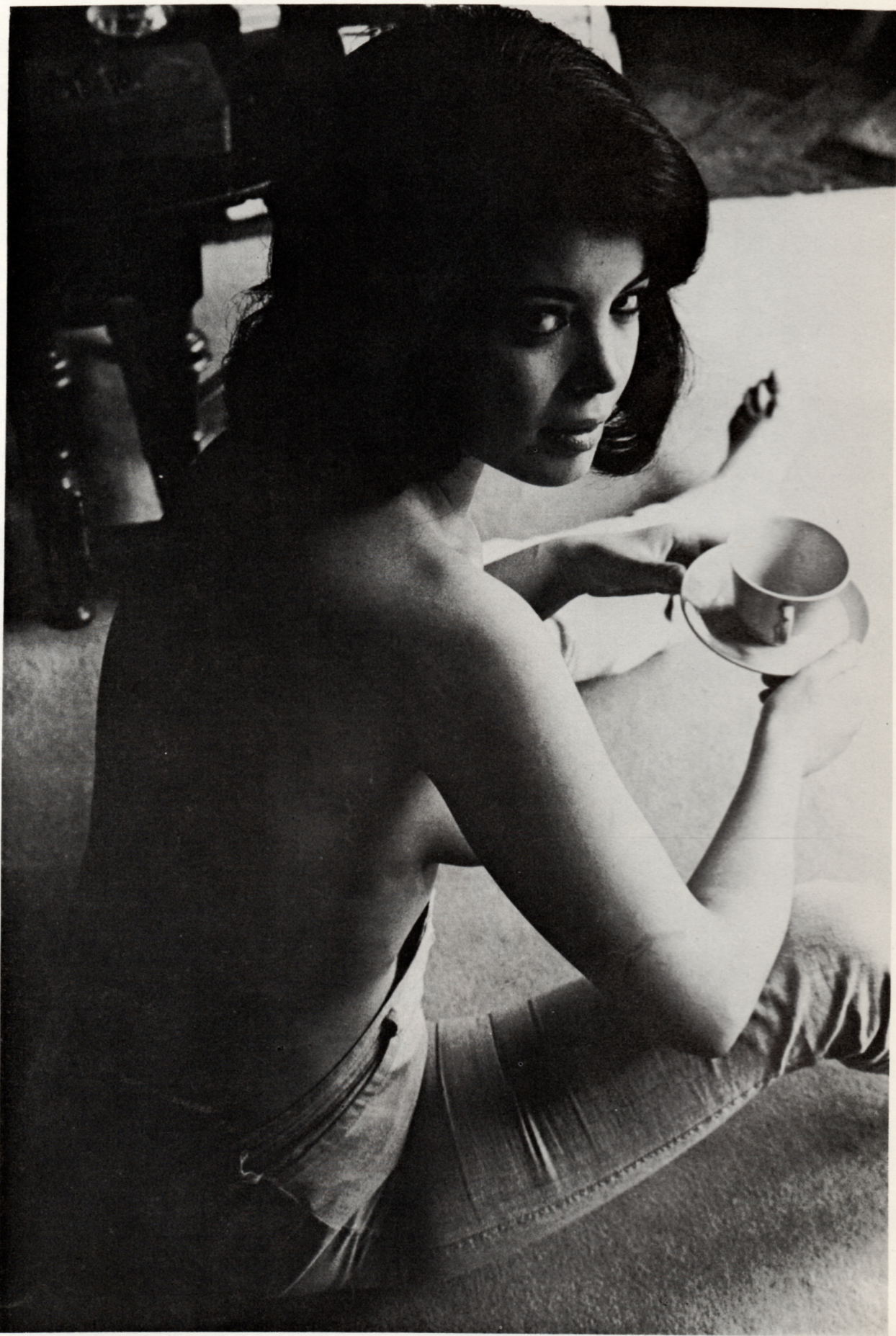
"My body seems to classify me as a type which my mind rejects," says she, "I am not a purely physical woman; I am more sensitive than people think. I have a good mind and I prefer to *act* in films rather than decorate the background. I don't mind modelling—it's fun, but I could never make a serious career of it."

Twenty-one-year-old Lila was born in Paris of Franco-Algerian parents, spent most of her childhood in a tiny fishing village on the Algerian coast and, at the age of 14, returned to Paris with her painter-father for his first one-man exhibition. "The first canvas my father ever sold was a nude he had made of me when I was only nine years old. For many years it hung over the mantle in our lounge and





Photographs by Penthouse



finally he sold it to an English tourist. It was my mother's favourite and we were all sorry to see it go. For as long as I can remember my mother and I were his only models and we did it as a normal part of the family routine. Since our arrival in Paris, however, I have posed for other artists including Pierre Matisse who was a friend of my father's. I have grown up surrounded by beautiful things, by paintings and books and the words and thoughts of

artists. I cannot paint myself, but I find acting a wonderful outlet for the beauty that the children of creative parents absorb within themselves." Lila has made several films in both England and France. She is beginning to receive considerable recognition on the Continent for roles which she considers to be, "Major for actual time on screen," but, "*Minor* for the scope I am given as a serious actress."





Anna Magnani is her favourite film personality.

"She is brutal and ugly but in a sensitive and beautiful way. She is the most beautiful woman in the world—a purist—you cannot see her face or body for the beauty of her soul."

Within reasonable limits we sympathise with Lila's idyllic need to display more soul than body and we're delighted for our own, comparatively prosaic purposes—to display as much Sohl as propriety will allow.



Sado-Masochism

by Alan Hull Walton

*Could you hurt me, sweet lips, though I hurt you?
Men touch them, and change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the roses and raptures of vice . . .
— Swinburne : Dolores*

Considering certain facets of popular—and even highbrow—entertainment, together with the deplorable increase of violence in our present society, it certainly seems pertinent, and may be illuminating, if we briefly examine the principal features and most likely causes of the age-old phenomena of sado-masochism.

Sado-masochism (or, to use the more accurate terminology, *algolagnia*) presents two forms or aspects, which may loosely be described as the active and the passive. Krafft-Ebing, celebrated nineteenth-century clinician of *psychopathia sexualis*, described the first of these under the name of Sadism (because of the endless scenes of unbridled cruelty which unfold throughout the novels of the Marquis de Sade); the second he called Masochism, because of the suffering and sexual bondage enjoyed by the heroes of the novels of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (e.g. *Venus in Furs*).

The term "sadism" is, nevertheless, something of a misnomer, for sadists have existed throughout recorded history, and one has only to turn to the more lurid pages of Suetonius and Tacitus concerning the lives of the Imperial Caesars, to the life of Joan of Arc's companion in arms, the inordinately wealthy Gilles de Rais, and to the story of Russia's Ivan the Terrible, in order to find pages which might rival any in the Marquis de Sade's *Justine* or *Juliette*. Similar comments might be made on the use of the name of Sacher-Masoch, who, astonishingly enough, was still alive when his modified patronymic passed into professional usage as a term indicative of a reasonably common sexual deviation . . .

[continued overleaf]

Sado=Masochism

Nevertheless, Krafft-Ebing found the names convenient, defining sadism as sexual emotion associated with the wish to inflict pain and use violence; and masochism as primarily sexual pleasure, aroused by pain or suffering in the victim of attack. Havelock Ellis, however, found such definitions very incomplete, and, in his monumental *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, went on to quote that of the more careful Dr. Ivan Bloch: "*A connection, whether intentionally sought or offered by chance, of sexual excitement and sexual enjoyment with the real or only symbolic appearance of frightful and shocking events, destructive occurrences and practices, which threaten or destroy the life, health, and property of man and other living creatures, and threaten and interrupt the continuity of inanimate objects, whereby the person who from such occurrences obtains sexual enjoyment may either himself be the direct cause, or cause them to take place by means of other persons, or merely be the spectator, or, finally, be, voluntarily or involuntarily, the object against which these processes are directed.*" Ellis, moreover, anticipated Freud in believing that sadism and masochism always existed side by side, or inextricably interwoven, in any such individual—the sadist always vicariously experiencing the "pain-pleasure" of his victim, and the masochist similarly experiencing the dominion and power of his persecutor.

Personally, I feel that Bloch's otherwise excellent definition should be extended to include all states of pleasure, delight, or satisfaction associated with the infliction of pain, suffering, or destruction, whether seen, or merely known to have occurred—and whether or not there may be any sexual element in the said pleasure or satisfaction. For undoubtedly the depredations of countless of our contemporary teenagers and juvenile delinquents cannot, as we shall see, be described as other than wanton sadism—though sexual pleasure must rarely enter (at least consciously) into any of their despicable acts of vandalism and wilful personal savagery. For this reason any definition should also include the infliction of pain or distress with idle or cynical amusement as the sole aim, as well as the enforcement of religious or political opinion by means of torture. Certainly the popular idea of the sadist as an *obvious* and incredibly brutal criminal runs counter to the facts, and can only be applied to a small minority in whom the compulsions of neurosis and deviation have run riot to an incredible degree. Most sadists, unfortunately, pass unnoticed, and are merely described as "stern and severe" individuals, "strict bosses", "firm husbands", "cantankerous wives", "young hoodlums", "Shylocks", and the like—even some religious fanatics (and I say this as a Christian) are nothing other than sadists in disguise. Many masochists likewise pass unnoticed, and may be known as "hen-pecked husbands", "chicken", or "cissie" Yet the deviation is there, is stimulated by a similar mechanism in each individual, and indicates a similar lack of emotional maturity, a similar failure in the integration of the personality in each

Therefore we can say with Anthony Storr (*Sexual Deviation*, Penguin Books, 1964), that true sadism and true masochism are concerned with "domination versus submission; freedom versus slavery; absolute power versus absolute helplessness," and that any conscious preoccupation with physical or mental pain is, in the long run, entirely subsidiary to these. It will thus easily enough be realised that the mechanism and extensions of sado-masochism can become so involved that no short and simple definition is possible. Certainly these mechanisms and their effects are prevalent in our society at the present time, and extend from the exploitation of the individual in business or factory to the exploitation of violence in popular entertainment.

Nevertheless, owing to the popular interpretation given to the terms sadism and masochism, it may be as well, before attempting briefly to explain the phenomena, to present the reader with a bijou anthology chosen from classic examples of the aberration in its more obvious forms—and to note, in passing, that England and Germany (and America by derivation) have long been the most notorious of flagellation. This may well, as we shall see further on, have something to do with their unduly repressive and unwholesomely exaggerated, puritanic religious outlook. Although ecclesiastical Christianity, as opposed to basic or simple Christian philosophy, has probably exerted a baneful, if unintentional influence in this direction, in most countries. . . .

"Harshness," said Bloch, "is said to be one of the most prominent of all the English national characteristics, . . . and cruel punitive measures like the pillory, public whippings, and bloody boxing contests lasted until well into the nineteenth century. All the foreign observers, from Lichtenberg to Steffen, remark on the disagreeable impression they gained of the peculiarly English sport of "pugilism". Lichtenberg, in a letter addressed to J. C. Dieterich on this subject in 1725 wrote: "The morning before yesterday two men were fighting in the street where I live. One of them was knocked down by his opponent right at the beginning of the fight, and died on the spot. I removed the body, but had not seen the whole brutal contest."

"Then there is a secret lust which attracts very many people to the horrible spectacle of public executions. It is a type of excitement in which the sexual element predominates and actually takes possession of the spectators during the act of execution. . . . This unholy pleasure in killing and torturing is too conspicuous a feature of "Merry Old England" to require a more detailed description. We need only think of the plays of Marlowe and Shakespeare, or those of Ford, Massinger, and others, in which the horrible blood lust of the age is so clearly depicted. . . . Tyburn, where the executions in London took place, was a recognised venue of entertainment during the eighteenth century. Seats were booked in advance, as at cock fights and boxing matches. No Monday passed without an execution. Very often several prisoners, up to fifteen at a time, were tortured to death, and on such occasions the crowd of spectators was always more numerous. Tom Browne records that an old lawyer who had offices in Holborn always used to grant his clerks leave of absence on execution days, so that they might have "some fun". Lady Hamilton considered it a delightful experience to have attended, in Naples, the executions of Prince Caraccioli, the physician Cirillo, and others. . . . Characteristically enough, immediately after experiencing the pleasures of the spectacle of torture and execution, bloodthirsty noblemen would hurry away to indulge in the most incredible debaucheries and orgies. . . . The wealthy George Selwyn was probably one of the most notorious execution fans of the eighteenth century. The most gruesome details of a suicide or murder, a view of the distorted corpse, the appearance of dying people, were objects of keen interest to him, and filled him with a strange and painful glee." (See T. H. White: *The Age of Scandal*, Chap. 8; Penguin Books reprint, 1962).

Bloch goes on to tell us that the auction of hangman's ropes was a most popular occasion. These frequently carried labels bearing the name of the condemned person, the nature of the crime, and the date of the execution. It thus became possible to buy souvenirs of poisoners, patricides, and stranglers. The ropes in greatest demand were those of wife-murderers! Educated young ladies, as well as gentlemen, fought to obtain possession of such nauseous relics,

and it was not uncommon, for those who could afford it, to collect such objects. One old spinster went so far as to buy an entire collection of ropes. And when they were sold in portions, the part most eagerly sought after was that which had been in contact with the victim's neck! Well do the producers of TV horror, in the present age, know their public. . .

The author draws our attention to the fact that in those days certain massage establishments, especially abroad, attracted a strange clientele, and some, especially in Berlin (and this was still true of that city in the twenties and thirties of the present century), were equipped with various instruments of torture, including the whip. But, he concludes, "the endurance of pain and humiliation as a form of sexual satisfaction, and known as masochism, appears in English sexual life mainly as passive submission to flagellation, for in general the English character is more inclined to sadistic acts." (Bloch: *Geschlechtsleben in England*. Recension from translation published by Rodney Books, London, 1958, under the title of *A History of English Sexual Morals*).

Flagellation, both active and passive, was, of course, unusually prevalent in England during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, its devotees even forming secret and exclusive clubs. It is, in fact, rumoured that similar clubs attract quite a clientele today, not only in fashionable London, but in less likely cities in the provinces. And it is almost certain that such exist, equally secretly, in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Paris, and other great cities of the world.

Until recent years, school punishment, in the form of flogging, was especially dangerous. And in the previous century it was not unusual at mixed schools, for boys to be whipped before girls, and vice versa. Pisanus Fraxi (i.e. Henry Spencer Ashbee) quotes the following letter from a friend, and it is probably typical of many educational establishments of the period. It is dated 13th May, 1859:

"We were whipped in the presence of both sexes, the girls laid on the knee, or held under the arm, the boys on the back of a servant maid. This last often came to our (the boys') room and played "school-mistress", and the girls did the same. . . . In the school I have mentioned, the woman who helped the teacher evidently much enjoyed seeing punishment given, although she was very fond of all of us and was herself a great favourite with the boys. But every morning she would tell some of the boys, never without an accompaniment of jokes and giggling, that they must not leave until "Missus" had paid them a visit, or in the evening that they must wait so long until "Missus" had had a "little conversation with you", and that the latter was to be expected any minute with a couple of terrifying canes. This girl took a lot of trouble with us, and I am afraid brought our puberty much too soon to its full development. She had a large bust and arranged her dress always so that when we were punished by being whipped, and had to put our hands around her, we could feel her bosom, the movements of which gave us a very pleasant sensation. Many boys got themselves punished purposely in order to experience this sensation. . . ."

Flagellation, of course, according to Meibomius and other writers, was signally successful as a means of stimulating tumescence in the impotent; and there is a classic and superbly written description of this type, describing such a scene in an English brothel, in Cleland's celebrated *Fanny Hill*.

War lends itself peculiarly to the unrestricted exercise of the sado-masochistic instinct, even encourages it by subtle propaganda and special training in the so-called art of killing. Robert Graves (*Goodbye to All That*) has described how senior officers can treat

their subalterns as less than dirt they stand on, and may even make a special point of tormenting them. At one time, young officers were not permitted to speak at the mess table, nor were they served with whisky. . . and so on. But this is sadism in its mildest form. Near the front lines, during the outbreak of 1914-1918, sadism reached its peak. Many scenes of private cruelty and wholesale massacre defy description, and could certainly not be described here. But the following on-the-spot reports will give at least some indication of the kind of thing that went on—(an Armenian ex-prisoner is writing):

"For several days I was beaten with the bastinado, and I came to prefer death to this life of perpetual torment. One day while I was being tortured I asked to go out to the lavatory. I had a knife on me and I cut my pulse and cut through my genital organs. My blood flowed continuously and I fainted. They hurried to my aid and continued the torture. In despair I tore off my genital member and threw it at the head of the Commissar. . . ."

The following was related by an Armenian girl:

"I was deported together with my mother. On the way a Circassian gendarme demanded a sum of money which she said she could not pay. He began to torture her, whereupon she gave him six Turkish pounds which she kept concealed in an intimate part of her body. . . . Immediately after, he cut off one of her arms, then the other. Then he cut off both her feet in my presence. Then he seized me and raped me before the eyes of my dying mother. . . . The Kurds raped a vast number of Armenian girls. Those who resisted were killed, and the beasts satisfied their abominable passion even on dying women. A sixty-year-old Kurd chose a beautiful girl who refused to submit to him. He gave her the choice between surrender and death. As the girl still refused she was murdered."

To conclude this brief selection of war-time horrors, I reproduce the report of a German soldier:

"There were about 10,000 of us German soldiers and we had been ordered to march in the direction of Kut-el-Amara. There were among us about 400 Turkish officers as interpreters and guides. We had to march in the desert, along the Euphrates and the Tigris. In the evening we erected our tents in the desert, in order to rest. One evening our Turkish comrades vanished, and we thought this was on account of their evening prayers. But they returned with 200 Armenian women and pretty girls, whom they had brought from a caravan resting not far away. As night fell we lay in tents set close together. The heartrending cries for help and the screams of the abused and raped victims did not let us German officers and men sleep all night. But we were not allowed to interfere. The German Supreme Command had forbidden us to interfere in the 'internal' affairs of the Turks, and we had to keep silent while our sisters in the faith were being abused close to us."

"When we rose in the early morning we saw with horror that the 200 young women and girls who had all night served to satisfy the bestial lust of the Turks were lying dead, each with a slit throat." (Fischer and Dubois: *Sexual Life During the World War*.)

Similar episodes might be multiplied from the 1939 war; and the nightmare cruelties of the Nazi concentration camps are too well known to demand more than a passing reference.

A detailed study of many hundreds of such documents would certainly seem to indicate that the conditions of war not only unleash the natural element of sadism latent in man, but not infrequently exaggerates it to the point of absolute insanity. Under such circumstances, in fact, even the gentlest and kindest of men sometimes find themselves unexpectedly wallowing in an orgy of

Sado=Masochism

unmentionable cruelty and horror; rather after the fashion of St Augustine's pure and saintly pupil, Alypius, who, forced one day to view the bloody abominations of the Roman amphitheatre, suddenly found himself 'drinking down savageness, nor could he turn away, but fixed his eyes, drinking in frenzy unawares, and was delighted with that guilty fight. . . .'

And what of today? In the special sphere of the macabre, and with most of the accoutrements of *grand guignol*, we have countless Viet-Cong atrocities, tortures, and executions, duly described and illustrated by the tabloids, and even by the 'conservative' dailies and weeklies. One suspects that such reports are often read, not so much from moral indignation, or even political leanings, as from the secret and vicarious thrill to be derived from such semi-literary meanderings. The same may be said with regard to the avid mass consumption of descriptions of murders (especially lust-murders), robberies with violence, cruelty to children, to animals, and so on. . . . One might even say that to some extent the newspaper has taken over from the amphitheatre and the public execution. A state of affairs which is infinitely preferable. Yet one cannot remain insensible to the fact that these things must *happen* before they can be reported; and the mere fact that they are usually seized upon so eagerly scarcely constitutes a commendable reflection upon the supposed virtues and intelligence of our pretended civilisation.

Contemporary literature, too, presents a wealth of material for the study of sado-masochism—and offers abundant proof of the demand for such titillation, if one judges by the enormous sales. At the lower end of the scale we have the popular Hank Jansen paperbacks and the best-selling 'James Bond' novels, while higher up we have the hierarchy of *The Carpet Baggers*, *The Naked Lunch*, *City of Night*, and the novels of Jean Genet. Genet, in fact, reveals the influence of de Sade on page after page of most of his works. The list could be extended almost indefinitely, but all the curious reader need do is to visit a reasonably large bookstore and browse amongst some of the better-selling hardcovers and the more popular paperbacks. Nor is this any reflection whatsoever upon the publishers of such works. After all, the books which they can really sell make up for the books which they can only sell slowly. All they are doing is to meet an apparently deeply rooted demand. . . . In America, judging by some of the titles published, the situation seems even more deplorable. One title, often reprinted by different houses, is a bad translation from Octave Mirbeau's *Torture Garden*. It honestly makes one feel that a little really healthy pornography would be infinitely preferable. Give me *Fanny Hill* a thousand times in preference to some of the unhealthy and unpleasant rubbish which sells so well today. *The Naked Lunch* may be admirable material for the psychologist, the sociologist, and even the literary critic—but it is scarcely desirable as a mirror of the public literary (and leisure) taste! This is not to say that I am pro-censorship, for I certainly am not. Yet I do feel sad that so many countless thousands can spend their time gloating over the neurotic fantasies and outpourings of what is little other than inspissated selfhood at its worst.

Much television drama also provides an abundant source of gratification for the sado-masochist. For example, on Saturday, 18th April, 1964, ITV's *G.S.5* disclosed two secret agents tied up in a cellar. In an attempt to escape, hydrochloric acid was poured over the hands of one of them, that it might eat through the rope and thus release him. The public were thus treated, for something like fifteen minutes, to the escape-agony of the said individual.

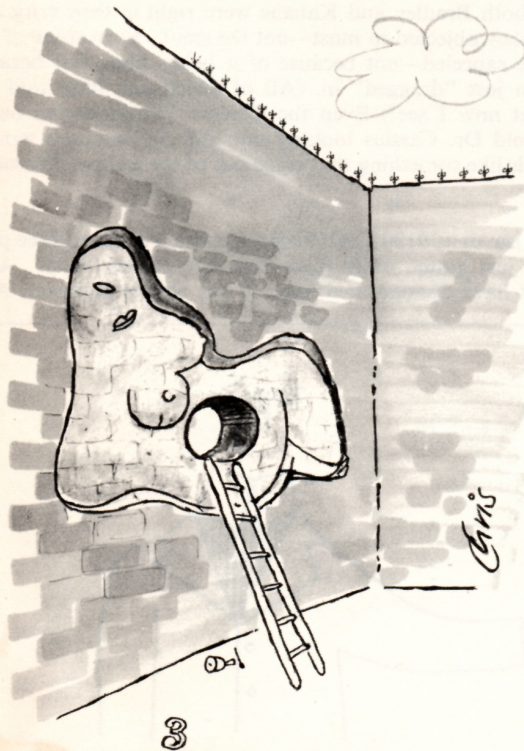
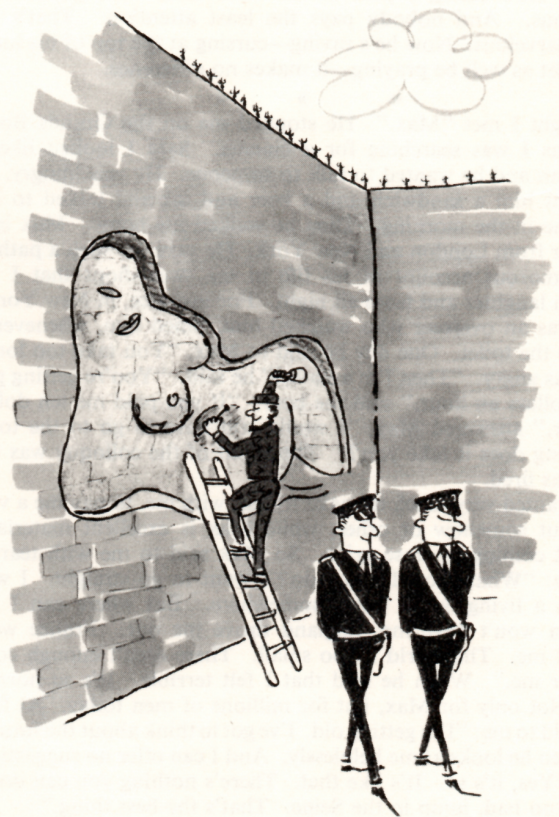
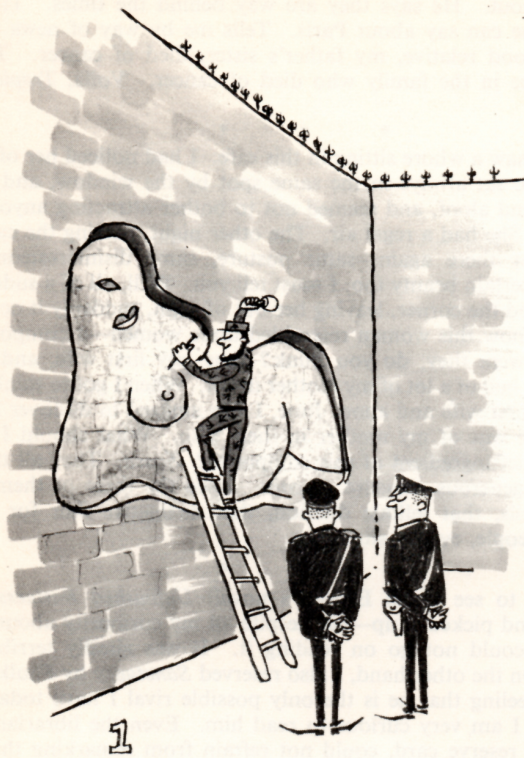
But that is a comparatively mild example. The brutal murders, beatings, slashings, and tortures, are endless, sometimes defying description. And the comparatively recent series, *The Avengers*, must have been a sheer joy, not only for the grown-up devotee of the now defunct horror-comic, *The Bull's-Eye* (popular about 35 years ago), but also for the sadist, the masochist, and the leather-fetishist—who, one would understand, are much in proliferation, and that not in the best or most desirable of social circles! The leather jacket and trousers, besides constituting a fetish for those so predisposed, is also symbolic of an infinite number of sadistic (and masochistic) fantasies. Little do the 'ton-up' youngsters of today realise what horrors their dress may conjure up in the eyes of the informed!—To them it implies only the 'he-man', the virile male (and probably, though only half-consciously, the *all-powerful male*, the beefy, bulky, Hercules type—which is, by inference, the sadist-hero *par excellence*). . . . At the same time it must not be forgotten that such articles of dress act as a booster to youth's lack of confidence in its social presence, its virility, and its maturity. Probably, in fact, all these elements contribute to much present-day youthful fashion. High-heeled winkle-picker boots likewise carry the same sadistic symbolism, or may indicate a similar sense of inferiority—or both! For as Anthony Storr has pointed out, many sadists suffer from a basic and deep-rooted inferiority complex with regard to their sex object.

I should say that many of the bloody beatings-up of innocent teenagers and harmless old men and women, by anything-but-innocent teenagers (and the number of ghastly cases is legion), are partly the result of boredom reacting on a low level of intelligence, and partly the result of deep-rooted inferiority-feelings demanding the eventually ineffective camouflage of a spurious and ego-boosting power, closely patterned on Television, the Cinema, the Western, and the Gangster pulp-novel or the illustrated horror-comic. Which is all specifically sadistic; for *power* through cruelty, even more than sex allied with cruelty, is the true hall-mark of the sadist; just as submission is the true hall-mark of the masochist. And yet, even though sex may not be incidental to such revolting episodes, one must not forget that it may still be one of the hidden stimulants lying at a deep subconscious level. It may even be a substitute for sexual activity in certain types of individual, or an alternative, or even an *hors-d'oeuvre* to the main dish, acting much as an aphrodisiac—theft, for example, being in some individuals a powerful aphrodisiac, as Sade and Genet have not been slow to point out.

The following example of teenage violence today seems typical of many.

About three years ago when living on the edge of Hampstead Heath, I had a magnificent view of the Heath from my windows. About eight o'clock one delightful summer evening I was disturbed in my library by the most infernal noise of human voices outside. At the same time my dog became unusually vociferous. Looking out of the window I saw half-a-dozen young thugs, all between sixteen and eighteen years old, viciously beating up another sixteen-year-old, kicking him in the head and stomach, and even jumping on him. Looking back on the episode I cannot tell how I had the courage to go out and face them. Perhaps my beard impressed them, or my dog, or both. One thing is certain—they stopped immediately. And when I inquired what their victim had done to deserve such punishment, the ring-leader quite casually replied: "Nothing, guv. We don't even know 'im!" "Then what the hell

[continued on page 70]



The Letters of Henry Miller

continued from page 14/ this way on the Champs-Élysées—what a sight it would be. Negroes sitting with white women and squeezing their breasts like lemons, grinning all the time. And such a noise! Laughter from the bar, like shrieks from the madhouse, I don't know of any cafe in Paris where there is such a diversity of types. It's foul—but exhilarating. And you can get a casse-croûte at all hours.

"*Chez Boudon!*"

There's only one thing left to do—and that's to install beds. That would be a swell touch. There's nothing more wonderful than to see a Negro handling a white woman carelessly. It thrills me. If only they were American women—Southerners! I'd pay money to see it. And for all their carelessness these Negro boys are a lot more gentle than our chivalrous white Southern men.

Right now—there's a crazy man outside directing imaginary traffic. He's eating a pear at the same time. His gestures are marvelous. And nobody pays the least attention. That's still more marvelous. Now he's raving—cursing at the top of his lungs. He might as well be praying—it makes no difference.

* * *

Last night I met "Max." He stopped me on the Grands Boulevards, as I was searching for a cinema. Said I looked like an American and he wanted to talk to someone. He was hungry. So I bought him a sandwich and a beer and sat and talked to him until one in the morning. Then he walked me home. Max is an ex-tailor from London and New York. He gave me such a pathetic and humorous account of his life in the sweatshops that I was between laughter and tears all night. For instance, in New York—there was an overseer who watched him, timed him, whenever he went to the toilet. One day he said to Max, "You take too long." Max was angry. "Then I'm a slave?" he said. "You're getting paid three dollars an hour," said the boss. "If you paid me ten dollars an hour," answered Max, "I would still have to go to the toilet. How long does it take you?" The result of the colloquy was that Max was fired.

He wanted very much to make friends with me, to pay me a visit, etc. But somehow or other, while Max is excellent material, I avoided coming to close grips. So Max said to me with tears in his eyes: "What should a guy do? I want to go straight. I want to earn a living, settle down somewhere. But where can I go? America won't have me, England drove me out. France won't support me. The world is too small. There aren't enough countries for me." When he said that I felt terrible. It's so horribly true. Not only for Max, but for millions of men today. At forty Max said to me: "I'm getting old. I've got to think about the future." And then he looks at me helplessly. And I can offer no suggestions. I say, "Yes, it's so. It's like that. There's nothing you can do. If it gets too bad, jump in the Seine. That's the best thing."

* * *

My Uncle likes Paris because it reminds him of New York forty

years ago. That's all. He hasn't the slightest conception of what it is all about. He says they are way behind the times. That's the most he can say about Paris. Tells me by way of news that another blood relative, my father's sister, died of cancer. That makes three in the family who died of cancer. Voila, *Tropic of Cancer*.

* * *

One day I saw a whore sitting in this cafe. I had noticed her often, because she sat always in the same spot by the window, and she sat apart and aloof, and seemed not to bother attracting anyone's attention. She had a regal air. The other night, passing the cafe I observe her there again—same posture, same disinterestedness. She has a certain beauty too, I must tell you. Well, all of a sudden, as I rounded the corner, leaving her out of sight, suddenly it occurred to me how this woman resembled three women—a composite. And who were they, do you think? June, my first wife, and my mother. A hell of a lot of my mother in her. When I got to thinking about my first wife and about June, I was amazed to discover how much there was of my mother in them also. What should I say was the chief ingredient of this composite? *Scorn*. They all three had it, in generous measure. *Scorn*. I see the three of them by their nostrils, that telltale dilation, that instinctive flair for bad odors in people, events, situations.

* * *

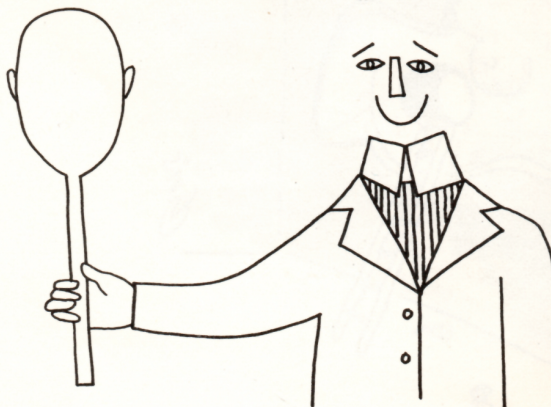
Happened to see (John Erskine's novel) *Unfinished Business* on the shelf and picked it up—but despite all my curiosity about the content I could not go on reading it. It was simply terrible—terrible. On the other hand, I also reserved *Sanctuary* by Faulkner. I have a feeling that he is the only possible rival I have today in America. I am very curious to read him. Even the librarian, in taking my reserve card, could not refrain from remarking that it was an extraordinary book. I was wondering what he'd say if he read *Tropic of Cancer* . . .

* * *

Right now, since you left, in fact, I have been reading rereading the *Tropic of Cancer*—making *big* alterations now. Principally eliminations. Cutting out all the extraneous stuff, which smelled of other days, other moods, other powers, etc. And am going to rewrite certain parts which are a little feeble perhaps, but which still belong. The book is much faster now, more action, pace, story, etc. Which is what is badly needed. After all—and how I hate to admit it!—both Bradley and Kahane were right in their criticism. It was this they objected to most—not the smut. Even some of the smut I have canceled—not because of it being smut, but because it was often just "dragged" in. (All of which you have told me before. But now I see!) Even the Cinema Vanves comes out—with good old Dr. Cassius looking into the old woman's womb, etc. It smells like something that came out of the icebox. Warmed-up steak.

* * *

Boat train leaves at 9:30 a.m. (Blaise) Cendrars came at three p.m. and I have just gotten away from him, had to run away. As a man I must have disappointed him. I was almost taciturn. And



yet, what a day! What a night! I received the most magnificent homage I have yet received from another man—from a writer, that is. Fred was here. Fred is still with him. I ducked on the pretence of having work to do. It wasn't very chic on my part. I won't now give you the details of our meeting. It's too vast. It was epic. (All in French, by the way, because he refuses to speak English par principe). I feel battered now. And soaked with *fines* and liqueurs and good wines. I had thirty francs in my pocket. When it came time to eat he was still talking—and he is the greatest story-teller I have ever listened to! (A cross between Jack London and Knut Hamsun—he knew these two when they were fairly unknown). Came dinnertime and I had a date at the Café de la Paix—someone who wanted to blow me to a dinner. Alors, seven o'clock we take a taxi to the Chambre des Députés, where Fred had some business to attend to, and then to Montmartre, the rue des Abbesses, Restaurant des Fleurs. What a place! The first time in my life I have seen so many beautiful Frenchwomen. He said we would eat cheaply and I thought we would go Dutch. Then he began ordering. Asked me did I like to eat. Why certainly! Alors, lobster, oysters, pigeons, desserts I never saw in my life, wines extraordinary, *fines*, Chartreuse, coffee etc. etc. I was embarrassed as all hell. 30 frs. Mortified. A friend blows in. Cendrars looks rough, like a sailor—he is one at bottom—and he speaks rather loudly, but very well. Has only one arm, the empty one, or half-arm slung affectionately around my neck while he tells the whole restaurant what a great guy I am, what the book is about, why it must be published in French, where I belong in the great Catholic tradition, etc., etc., etc. Perhaps the finest moment in my life, in one sense. But it went flat. I had nothing to say. I wondered how long it would continue. I was a perfect ass. And trying at intervals to break away. Finally we go out, four of us now, and we must have some more alcohol in the bars along the Boulevard in Montmartre. Whores hanging on to us, and Cendrars hugging them like a sailor, and urging me to take one, take two, take as many as you want. After two or three of these bars and more whores hanging on our necks I ducked—very unceremoniously too. An au revoir. I don't know what he must think of me.

* * *

Still rushing about—thin as a rail. But everything executed. Just sold the lamp now—6.30 p.m.—after 8 visits to the electrician—150 frs. Such a running around—never did so much in my life. Glad to get out of Villa Seurat—what a swamp of details! I even enjoy the idea of being in a hotel for a few days here in Paris. I'm on the street—right at the Porte! A terrific din—an inferno—but pleasant. I wanted to say that the valise with my things has my initials on it. I put the salad fork and spoon and the thimble and some ashtrays in it—as a souvenir of Villa Seurat.

I'm getting so many letters these last few days and so many requests to do this and that I'm bewildered.⁴ I'll move out of the

hotel slowly, Friday or Saturday—is today Thursday? I'm not sure. Anyway, one day of calm here and a last visit to Ménil-montant. Then, as I wrote, to Rocamadour—another place I've always dreamed about. This time I don't think I will be disappointed.

I'm not even getting visa for Greece yet. Will do that in Marseille. Why shouldn't I pass leisurely through Italy? I'd like to see Florence, Ravenna, Naples, Rome, Taormina. Corfu is always there. Last thing I had to do was to mail the 3 blankets to the Durrells. Taking your Ms. (*Winter of Artifice*) along with me.

Why should I hurry to go anywhere? I'm fed up with activity. It's crazy.

* * *

Today, by an act of heroism, I shattered the work of months. I am setting up a new cosmos. I have shed the brochure in order to write the book of the century. I have transferred the this to the that and back again. Everything lies on the floor. The shreds must be reintegrated. The shreds must make membrane, tissue, epidermis. But the Idea is glowing inside, incarnate, a world shedding its skin. The idea has two parts—its soul and its exegesis. The idea is welded by Death. Everything that cannot be integrated forms the "Soul of Death". The Soul of Death is the introduction, the Holy Ghost of the corpus. I am living in the Holy Ghost, it is Death that inspires me. Death is ecstasy. Death is not the ultimate, but the now, the imminent, ever-present. Death has been misunderstood. It is *dying* that is important about death. The switchboard of the light-world is the diorama of death. I am not interested in the switchboard any longer; I am interested in what makes the switchboard possible.

* * *

Today I could cry, if I were not so happy, because of the many deaths on the floor. Today I know what must have been God's despair when he created the universe. It is the infinite possibilities which kills God. When you say universe you think of a particular universe, and you stick God's name on it; but God is the possibility lying behind the actual. God does not exist. God is a creation because the actual is not enough. Glab, glairy and glabrous.

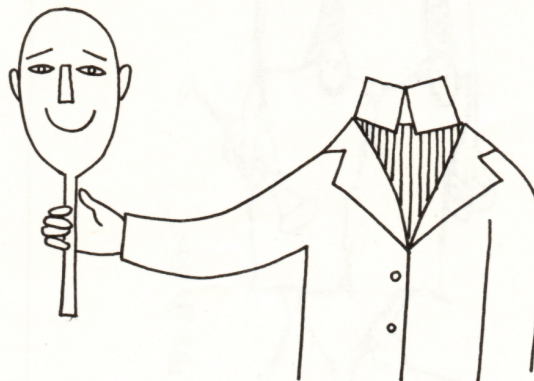
Salute to the Cosmos! The gas cocks are open and the form of the world is wavering. Behind the cement guitars and the word written in vellum, behind the yawp and the gibberish, the green bottle and the anodyne of *ismus*, behind all the form and actuality lies the dying, a navel nostalgia that lends to art its ether. Either ether or either, the green bottle and its broken guitars, the glabrous pang and the foot sliding off . . .

Food! Says Fred: food! Nice wine, no cunts, no death with the meal.

Signing off. The epileptoid genesis of *ismus*. Signing off. Patina of the brain. Down through all the geologic strata of the "I". No death with the dinner. Cunts flying on angels' wings. Detachable. Gas cocks open. World wavering in formlessness. The guitar strings snapping. Picasso. Embedded in the idea of cement. Embedded morphologically. Structure. The world-as-poem. Philosophy of—sign here!



1



2

⁴In February, the first edition of *Tropic of Capricorn* had been published by the Obelisk Press, Paris, 367 pp., 60 frs.

Sado=Masochism

continued from page 66/ have you done this for ?" I asked. "Just for kicks, guv—just for kicks . . ." was the reply. And, with a rapid and only half-guilty glance at each other, they ran off as quickly as they could. The injured boy corroborated their statement, recovering, fortunately, within a few days. It is perfectly obvious that to such morons, 'kicks' mean 'power', and imply maturity and superiority. The boy attacked was, moreover, both in appearance and intellectual power, infinitely their superior.

So what, in the long run, can one say about teenage sadism in particular, and teenage behaviour in general? Apart from the brief and necessarily sketchy indications given above, which call for detailed exposition, all I can personally say is that in those truly lush days before the war, whatever parents may have behaved like in private, they damned well saw to it that their children behaved correctly, if not charitably. And the attitude of the well-to-do parent was assiduously emulated by the working-class parent, with very few noteworthy exceptions.

One final series of thumb-nail comments regarding the teenager: They are much too coddled, even by the State. School-punishment is much too mild, and parental punishment frequently non-existent. The advantages of a sound education are appreciated by rather too few. Sexual activity has become for them something of a status-symbol. And, aggravating all this, is the ostrich-like attitude of many parents, whose love of luxury and pleasure obliges both of them to work full time. They devote their hours and efforts to their own selfish interests, and expect the school—or fate—to replace their duties toward their off-spring. . . . Certain television programmes, and the less salubrious coffee-bars complete the job. . . .

All of which leads us to inquire into one of the main causes of the chronic and increasing prevalence of sado-masochism, especially in England and America. Perhaps the greatest of these has its origin in the repressive and puritanical sex-attitudes of an out-dated Judeo-Christian religious dogma. A dogma, moreover, which springs, not from the simple teachings of Jesus, but from Pauline fanaticism and the theological debates of Church Councils and



Schoolmen. Guyon, with a wealth of illustration, has shown quite clearly that this is so, and remarks that "the official insistence on chastity, with the serious neuroses that this brings in its train, are . . . from time to time punctuated by alarming half-insane explosions, in which sadism does not fail to play its part; as in the celebrated . . . case of 'Nelson the Gorilla', who had no less than eighteen violated and strangled girls to his credit, and in that of the complicated murder of a young girl, Marion Parker, at Los Angeles in 1927. Is not the key to all these mysteries to be found in outraged nature? Casanova lived till he was ninety. . . ." Guyon goes on to point out that "the constant state of prohibition, of denunciation, of interference with private life . . . characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon conception of sex, constitutes in itself a neurosis of a very specific kind. . . . As we know, the more serious the attack, the more strenuous the defence. . . ." And the defence, more often than not, takes on the form of perversion, usually sadistic or masochistic.

A word might be said here concerning a form of substitution for sex very dear to the British and the American nations—that of sport, a form of activity and obsession which is supposed to empty the mind, pass the time, fatigue the muscles, and considerably dilute the natural sexual urge. Kinsey, however, has pointed out that the annihilation of sexual desire is only accomplished when any specific form of sport is carried on to the point of exhaustion. Moderate indulgence may even fire the erotic flame. All one can say of most sport, in this connection, is that it passes time and temporarily occupies the attention of participants and spectators. Moreover, the sight of handsome bodies in healthy activity may have its own aphrodisiac effect on large portions of an audience, just as boxing and wrestling undoubtedly attract many vicarious sado-masochists.

One thing is certain—Casanova, one of the undisputed masters in the art of physical love, would certainly have shown little interest in football, running, the dirt-track, or speed-racing—though the pools, with his love of gambling, may have attracted him for possible gain! But Casanova's approach to sex, even if predatory, was at least healthy and romantic.

A study of literature and the novel, which, after all, reflects life and social conditions, would seem to show that during the Victorian age—one of the most insanely repressive, puritanic, and hypocritical of all eras—sado-masochistic interests increased enormously. Alex Comfort, considering the publications of this period, has shrewdly observed (*The Novel and Our Time*) that "in the main eroticism prior to the industrial revolution was conscious and concerned with normal physical pleasures, and after that event became less conscious, more abnormal, and more wedded to brutality. . . . To the sensualist such as Rochester . . . sadistic rituals (of a fairly harmless kind) were a pepper to improve a basically normal appetite; to subsequent erotic writers they have tended more and more to become a staple diet, rather as alcohol . . . is an occasional accessory to the gourmet, but an article of diet to the drunkard." And elsewhere he concludes (*Sex in Society*, Pelican Books, 1964) that "the balance of evidence seems to suggest that traditional patterns of sexual conduct aggravate associated difficulties rather than reduce them, and that personal conduct, being the concern of persons, is best regulated, even in its difficulties, by the judgement of persons, however fallible or injudicious they may be. The power of prohibition to make men good is something sociology consistently fails to detect."

It has been held, and still seems to be held, by some of our more obtuse law-makers and politicians, that the free expression of heterosexual (and homosexual) affection heralds the end of an age—though such, in their pure forms, may well foster the spiritual and artistic development of the period which grants them liberty. On the contrary, it has been shown that what truly heralds the end of an age, even of a civilisation, is the unimpeded cancer of sadism in all its forms; and these include not only strict sexual sadism *per se*, but such of its accompaniments and derivatives as general brutality, violence, greed, the neurotic urge to power, human exploitation in all its manifold varieties, and the moronic mental patterns of the beatnik and the hoodlum. In other words the love of self, of sensation and illusion; rather than the love of others, coupled with the love of kindness, beauty, and truth.

Ferlinghetti

continued from page 26/ a poet to believe in God and still be successful or is his rebellion necessarily atheistic in concept?

Ferlinghetti : Why sure, but it depends on how you define God.

Penthouse : How do you define God?

Ferlinghetti : I am not a Christian. I do not know which God you are talking about. My definition of God is consciousness itself; consciousness itself is God.

Penthouse : Are you against organized religion yourself? Would you burn down the churches to make your point.

Ferlinghetti : No. I mean, that is what that M.P. would do. I do not think in a civilized country you should burn down the churches or burn down the people that we do not agree with. This is getting back to a primitive society. I would like to burn down all frontiers between countries. That is about the only thing I can think of that I would like to burn down. If you ask me to define God as consciousness, I would say that the death of that God, which is consciousness itself, is the death of everything. Things like organization or organized religion have nothing to do with anything else. This is completely extraneous—the existence of physical buildings, church buildings or the existence of various hierarchies or church organizations—have nothing to do with anything and are completely irrelevant to religion. Nothing could be more irrelevant than a bunch of masonry erected to promote a church, it's simply big business. It has nothing to do with God, nothing at all. It is just another big social organization living off the people.

Penthouse : There are more churches in America than any other country in the world.

Ferlinghetti : Is that right?

Penthouse : Well, *per capita*, yes.

Ferlinghetti : I am not in America.

Penthouse : Would you describe yourself as being anti-American?

Ferlinghetti : I am anti-American in as much as I am anti any nationality. If you take all the flags in the world and put them on a big merry-go-round and let them whirl around in a beautiful fair-ground to amuse the kiddies, it's O.K., but to use flags to fight over, to spill blood over, is absolute insanity. I mean, who cares for stupid bunting? What one nationality uses against another. Who cares for nationalities? It does not matter. Sooner or later we'll have to come to it. These national states have got to go.

Penthouse : You are a pacifist?

Ferlinghetti : Well, there are all kinds of pacifists. There are a lot of pacifists I do not agree with. I am against war, sure.

Penthouse : If you had to fight for your country today, I know you fought before, would you go if you were drafted?

Ferlinghetti : No, for one thing any member of the armed forces is constantly consenting to the murder of millions. Anyone even pushing a pencil in a supply warehouse is

doing it. It is easy to be a conscientious objector in peacetime, nothing to it.

Penthouse : Getting back to that poetry reading at Albert Hall, do you think there is a relationship between the size of any given audience and the type and quality of poetry offered?

Ferlinghetti : The bigger the audience the more public the poetry becomes; you have to read poetry that has more public "surface". You just can't read private love poems. A good many of my poems are poems with this kind of audience in mind. I call them Performance Poems. I practise and work on the tape recorder with them.

Penthouse : Does this put the poetry reading more in the realm of theatre?

Ferlinghetti : Not necessarily, but it has got to be on more than one level; it has got to have a public surface and then it has got to have some other level or else it is just T.V. chit-chat. Did you read the *Times* editorial—the *London Times* Literary Supplement—this week?

Penthouse : No, I did not.

Ferlinghetti : It was on a group of events that happened this month in London. They considered the Royal Albert Hall reading very significant. I was very surprised to find a full page editorial saying that it was an historic event. Oh, I forgot—talking about the word 'beat' and 'beat generation' becoming accepted as having a definite meaning. It is very curious that the word 'Beatles' embodies the word 'beat'. You come out with the Beatles being nothing but clean beats—which seems quite obvious.

Penthouse : Who do you rate as the five top poets in the world today excluding yourself?

Ferlinghetti : As I said before, Allen Ginsberg is no doubt the greatest American poet since Whitman. I've said that in a lot of places lately and then I should say Pablo Neruda was the most important living poet in the Spanish-speaking world at the present time, and in Russia I would say Voznesensky, not Yevtchenko. We have already been over the English poets with a fine comb and haven't been able to uncover any big voice that would measure up to these people at the present time. Dylan Thomas certainly did. Academics are numerous and all over the place; most of these poets are professors and that's the death of poetry. These people are running poetry-writing workshops and playwriting workshops and the very existence of workshops for writing plays and for writing poetry testifies to the paucity of imagination, the *creative* imagination. People think they can go to workshops and learn how to write a poem or a play. It's damn stupid. The academic poets in practically every country are embarrassing when they start talking about their craftsmanship and what a fine craftsman they are. Like in painting, people talk about the artist's quality and texture of painting instead of talking about the subject matter and what the work should really be about and what is important to write about. This is hardly ever discussed. It happens that when you

look across the world you find out what the poets and the youths and the younger generations latch on to in the American scene. The Beatles for instance, or Bob Dylan or all the folk singers in England—what did they latch on to? They didn't latch on to the traditions and pick up the ideas and the poems of the American Academic poets. People like Richard Wilbur or Robert Lowe don't mean anything to them; they probably don't even know who these poets are. These are the poets who occupy the Academy positions in the United States and they are welcome to it because, I mean, the American Academy of Arts and Letters is peopled with professor-poets, whereas the poets that the younger generations have picked up on are specifically the beat poets. They are the ones that are the bridge between generations now grown up, say in their 40's or 30's, and the young 20-year-olds today. 20-year-olds picked up on the beats and there is a great affinity between what is happening in England, say in folk singing circles and the beat poets. So you could say beat poetry is the only thing happening, the only thing exciting happening on the poetic horizons in the States today. Even though, for the last five years, every critic and every review in the States has predicted and described the death of the beat generation. They have all said it's a dead subject and a dead scene, a thing of the past and yet it's still the only thing happening on the scene in London.

Penthouse : Do you take stimulants when writing?

Ferlinghetti : I only take a little pot sometimes. I don't need anything; I'm "high" on life.

Penthouse : Is this "state" contagious?

Ferlinghetti : I hope so. People at poetry readings often get "contact" high. That happens when one is communicating with them. The empathy response is electric. They can hardly contain it. They won't go home afterwards, but stay on hanging around trying to make contact with people, strangers, anybody, especially the poets. It's a crazy feeling, they're overwhelmed with it. It's a great scene to dig. They are poetry junkies and very hung up.

Penthouse : Gregory Corso told me he was completely against the poetry reading. In fact, when I spoke to him the following day, he was very angry about the whole affair.

Ferlinghetti : Yeah, he was. That's why he sat down and read a minor love poem on stage. It was an intimate poem with low audience projection. It was his way of expressing his rebellion against the reading.

Penthouse : What do you think was bothering him?

Ferlinghetti : Well, he didn't feel some of the poets should be on the programme, especially the English poets like Horowitz. Allen and I sort of feel the same way. If we just had three or four poets it would have been a gas of a reading. We could have taken our time, read more stuff, really

(continued on page 73)

The Interrogation

continued from page 56/ What the hell was the use of arguing with her, thought Bertenshaw. Maybe she was right.

"If I did torture you, you wouldn't be able to stand up to it. You'd give in."

"So would you," said the girl.

In the heat of the little room, Bertenshaw felt chilled. Perhaps she was right, the little bitch had seen, all too easily, his weakness and was exploiting it. He walked to the door, about to call Corporal Black. He'd have the information out of her swiftly enough. He turned, his back to the door. He could not give an order like that.

The girl gave a sinister smile. She braced against the wall. Bertenshaw and the girl stared at each other, saying nothing.

"Please," Bertenshaw said eventually, "please talk."

"I have no intention of talking."

What now? Bluster—shaven-headed Bertenshaw in field-gray, shouting in Teutonic rage at a quivering farm-girl—who shot Feldwebel Pfefferwitz, tell me or I will burn down your village and you with it!

"How would you like to lose an eye?" asked Bertenshaw with fearful suddenness. He had always been hyper-sensitive about eyes. "Something drastic, something irrevocable. You'd have to talk after that. Wouldn't it be easier to talk first?"

"An officer and a gentleman," said the girl. "Pig!"

"Talk," said Bertenshaw, deadly tired now, hypnotised by the thought he had conjured up, the blank socket above the shrieking mouth.

"I do not believe you could ever hurt me," said the girl, swiftly defiant, reading all too knowingly the depths in Bertenshaw's face.

"You sound almost as if you despise me for not hurting you."

"Not so much as I would despise you if you did hurt me. But I have no use for weakness."

"I don't bloody well care what you think," cried Bertenshaw.

The girl just smiled.

"Look, Sir, you can't afford to be gentle with her. Let me have a go, I'll make her talk, Sir." Corporal Black emanated a conspiratorial air. "Twist her arm behind her back, but not enough to make her faint—"

"And if that doesn't work, the rack or thumb-screws."

"We've had her prisoner for five hours now, Sir."

"Did they teach you how to hurt people in Tiger Bay, Corporal?"

"We learned how to look after ourselves, Sir."

"That wasn't what I asked."

"Nobody taught us how to hurt people. It was something we learned through being hurt. Look, when you know pain when you're young, as it is, it loses something of its meaning. You don't know pain, do you Sir? That's why, if you'll pardon me, you aren't much good at making that girl talk, Sir. Pain's the only way."

"You'd like to hurt her, Corporal?"

"I shouldn't like to, Sir. But it's necessary, isn't it? I've done many things that had to be done, although they were unpleasant. You killed a man this afternoon, Sir. Shot him through both knees first. It's a violent world, Sir. There's violence in all of us." A vast moon shone whitely on the Corporal's eyes.

"I'll have another go at her." Wearily, Bertenshaw went back into the room. "I'm tired," he told the girl flatly, hopelessly, knowing he was doomed. "You've got to talk now. Where is Robert Li?"

The girl looked at him steadily. She had the air of one prepared for sacrifice. "I do not know." For one moment, one flicker of hope, Bertenshaw wondered if she were speaking the truth. Realisation returned that she wasn't, at least he would not be extracting false information from the innocent, buying time from their pain.

"Corporal!" Corporal Black came in, saluted smartly.

"Tie her hands!"

"Sir!" Black found some rope, lashed the girl to an upright supporting part of the long-house roof. In his eyes Bertenshaw saw respect, in the girl's contempt. "Thank you Corporal. Dismissed!"

Black hesitated momentarily, saluted, went out. Bertenshaw unsheathed his knife. He approached the girl, held the point of the knife to her cheek. "Talk, or I shall have to spoil your beauty."

"Do you want to possess my beauty?"

"As the price of not making you talk?"

"As the price of not destroying yourself."

Bertenshaw's knife-point traced the line of the girl's cheek-bone, but with no pressure on the handle. The girl winced.

Bertenshaw remembered something from his Boys' Own Paper days. He placed the point of the knife under one of the girl's nails and pushed. The girl hissed sharply; when Bertenshaw looked down at the blade of his knife it glistened at the tip.

"Talk! Talk, damn you! Where is Robert Li? He stared at the girl, but her eyes had gone quite blank, there was nothing to be read there, neither his salvation nor his doom.

He placed the knife-point under another nail, feeling himself the pain he was inflicting, imagining the knife under his own nail, the searing hell of it. Dear God, talk! The girl however was remote now, in her suffering had entered a different world from his; he felt self-hatred flood into him.

"I'll give you five minutes to think it over," he said, almost in tears, "then I shall have to do something much worse to you."

Outside the Long House, only the insects roared, and the moon shone on the rifle of the distant sentry. Bertenshaw forced himself to walk to the nearest tree and leaned against it, striving to draw some sort of strength and comfort from its tendrilled trunk.

Inside the long-house, slowly, with infinite care, the girl worked her injured foot towards the knife which Bertenshaw had dropped on the table. With extreme care, her back arched like a cat, she raised her foot to the level of the table-top, and scooped the knife towards her. Then, in her almost prehensile toes, she brought the knife behind her and cut her bonds.

Her hands free, she stared at the knife for a long time, at her blood on its blade, and thought of Bertenshaw's blood mingling with hers. But they might catch her, and she too was sensitive about eyes.

There was really only one thing to do; she held the knife upright on the table and fell on it.



"Boy! Is he ever dressed to kill."

Ferlinghetti

continued from page 71 gotten involved. That's why Gregory was raving like that.

Penthouse : He also went mad when that girl who was taking a film of the reading both before and after pointed a camera at him.

Ferlinghetti : Yeah, that flips him out of his mind.

Penthouse : In fact, Gregory said to me that it was a complete invasion of his privacy, especially as he had no idea in what context his pictures would be used. For example, he somehow got the idea that this girl would cut his picture into an orgy scene—something like that.

Ferlinghetti : I don't see why he should object to orgy scenes. After all, a poetry reading is kind of an orgy scene, an intellectual orgy scene, isn't it?

Penthouse : Are you involved with life—the climate of our times?

Ferlinghetti : The poet has to be involved with life in all its aspects. If he is a liberal or a humanitarian he must be very aware and sensitive to the world's problems, no matter where he goes. Blake said it: "For the whom the bells toll, they toll for thee". Federico Garcia Lorca, the great Spanish poet, died for it. Yet sometimes it can get confusing if you get taken up with politics.

Allen Ginsberg for instance, was thrown out of Cuba.

Penthouse : Wasn't that because he's a self-admitted homosexual?

Ferlinghetti : Well, that's what some people say. But who the hell knows?

Penthouse : What about Czechoslovakia, he got thrown out of there, too.

Ferlinghetti : Well, I believe that had something to do with taking photos with his camera. Anyway, that's the point I'm making. Allen is basically left of liberal. It's ironic. Anyway, it seems the poet is suspect in politics no matter which way he swings. But still if one has real strong feelings about anything, there's no point in repressing them. The poet has to interpret, define, and his voice must be loud enough to be listened to. China, Russia, Viet-Nam are all part of the "one world" philosophy we have to live by if we're going to survive. I don't by any means limit this to poets either. This extends to every cotton-pickin' one of us. We have to be alive and aware of the climate of our times. It's a sick world and it's getting sicker. Somebody has to diagnose the illness. I don't care who administers to it, that's not my job. As a poet I want to point with a sharp finger, speak with a loud voice, scream so loud that somebody's got to listen. I want to shake people up with my ideas, kick them up the ass, make them sit up and dig me. That's it.

Penthouse : Where do you go when you leave London?

Ferlinghetti : I don't have to go home, but I've got to leave here. I'm going up to the Spoleto Festival where Gian-Carlo Menotti has bribed me with a vague promise of doing one of my one act plays which he now says he's not going to do. Anyway, I'll be there, Gregory will be there and Allen will be there. We'll all read some poetry to the tourists—it should be a great scene, why don't you come along?

Penthouse : I'd really like that, we could do a great story on Spoleto.

Ferlinghetti : Yeah, it'll be one great big gas. Then, after that, I have to go back to San Francisco for about six months. I've got some great new books at City Lights so I won't be able to get away for a bit. Anyway, I can't afford to go away unless I arrange some poetry readings in the places where I want to go. That's how I travel, I arrange some poetry readings where I want to go to, and it covers all my expenses there and especially my living expenses.

Penthouse : Well, the world's a big place, we'll meet up somewhere.

Ferlinghetti : The world's a damn small place and getting smaller. I'm looking forward to reading this interview.

Penthouse : So am I. I'll send you a first copy.

Ferlinghetti : Crazy.

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